NEW GAME+

A Chiaki Nanami Zine

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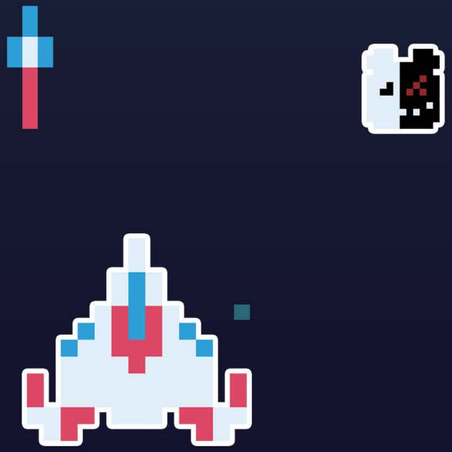
NewGame+

CHIAKI NANAMI ZINE



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eekoqi

PREPARE TO QUALIFY

by Biscuits
art by Mae

It was too easy. Meeting qualifications was a matter of making turns and knowing one's limits. When the only racer is you, the winner is determined by how well you know yourself and your abilities. Easy win, record time.

Now the real challenge began.

Two race cars revved in front of Chiaki, one behind her, and four others eagerly hummed in their arrangement to her right. She knew her opponents well, or at least she liked to think so. Some of them were full of surprises.

The more predictable ones were the hot-head, redhead "Photo Finish" and the ever-competitive "Princess," whose good sportsmanship contrasted her murderous driving. "Lucky" could win as long as he didn't concoct some convoluted scheme to shock the other racers. "The Speeder Breeder" was a good contender, if not a bit eccentric, and "Baby Gangsta" was a great pair with "Pit Stop Peko" when he wasn't overambitious. Then there was Hajime, more of an underdog, but Chiaki couldn't help but secretly root for him.

Lastly, there was the eighth and final racer. Chiaki studied the back of first place's helmet and obnoxiouly monochromatic race car as it snarled at the starting line. While the others were fellow competitors, *she* was an adversary. *She* might as well have invented the concept of unpredictability.

There were the horns.

Boop…boop…boop…BEEP!

The racers were off!

Chiaki slammed the gas and the world began to fast forward. As usual, the other racers whipped past her on the straightaway. That was okay. Speed wasn't everything.

Rounding the first hairpin corner, Chiaki sped past the first of many future dramatic explosions. Barely ten seconds into the race and "Baby Gangsta" already had a firsthand lesson about speed from an unfortunately placed billboard. *You'll get 'em next time, Fuyuhiko!*

Chiaki's careful break-tapping switched back to full power. She might have appreciated the tranquility of the low clouds over the distant mountains if she weren't so preoccupied with catching up and darting mysterious puddles. With a sudden jerk of the wheel, Chiaki just grazed "Photo Finish." By losing a couple of seconds in one of those hostile puddles, she lost her lead. *Don't give up, Mahiru!*

Another corner. It was a cinch during qualifying, but it turned threatening as a fellow competitor hugged the same turn. Leaning left, Chiaki came wheel to wheel with "The Speeder Breeder," whose sudden swerving at the end of the corner gave her the advantage. Daring a glance, Chiaki couldn't help but smile as she passed, eyeing a particularly chunky hamster dangling over his face. *Keep going, Gundham!*

Without a second to recover, Chiaki threw herself to the right. She could feel the growl of the wheels prodding the red and white rumble strips. As the tight corner loosened, Chiaki peeked to her left to see that the "Princess" had played it safe, slowing down in the inner lane to avoid crashing. Chiaki's risk paid off as she zoomed past another competitor. *You're doing great, Sonia!*

Barely having a moment to inhale, Chiaki launched into the second hairpin turn, this time staying on the inside. "Lucky," on the other hand, was seamlessly speeding down the outer lane. As soon as the turn lightened, Chiaki rammed the gas. Her eyes followed "Lucky's" car back and forth as he ostentatiously darted between lanes on the brief straightaway. Gaining on him, Chiaki bit her bottom lip as she leaned right again, forcing "Lucky" into one lane. Leaning harder, she just had to keep inching him towards the outside for three…two…one…

"Lucky" smashed into a billboard.

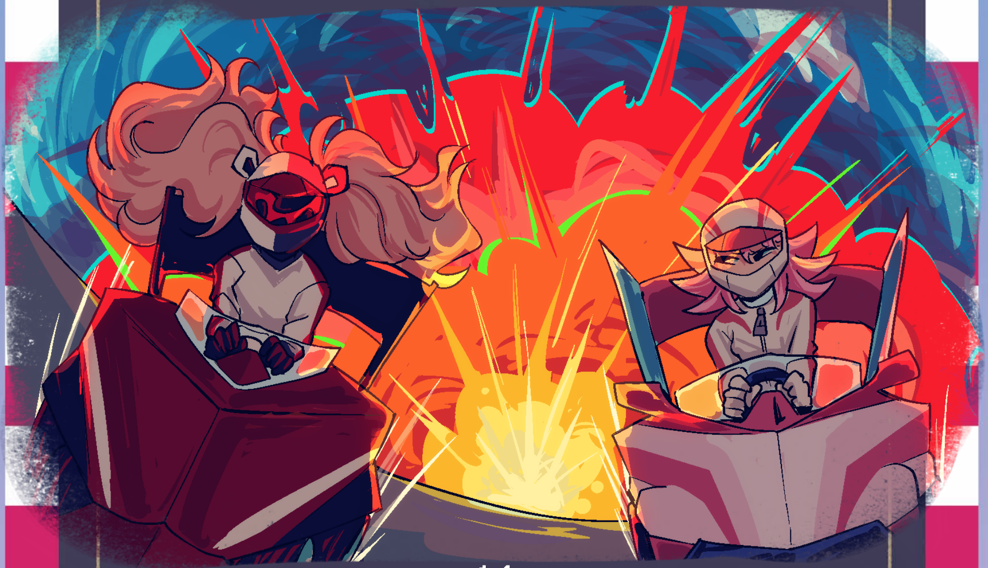
Stay down, Komaeda.

Sighing, Chiaki watched as she picked up speed on the next racer. This part of the track was only tricky if the competitors were vicious. Her car's nose gradually began to pass up the racer in the other lane until they were head to head. Chiaki looked over. His eyes were fixed straight ahead. Accelerating little by little, Chiaki passed him, smiling to herself at how far he had come. *I believe in you, Hajime!*

The road was paved straight into the horizon as far as Chiaki could see. Wind whipped the hair that stuck out of her helmet's bottom, cold on her sweaty neck. Ahead was a straight shot through open air save for one interruption: the first place racer. Chiaki studied *her* moves as well as she could, but *she* was a contradiction. Sometimes reckless spinning, sometimes unnecessary caution, sometimes full aggression, never in a predictable order, always skillfully driven.

It was because of this devil-may-care driving that Chiaki managed to gain on *her*, shooting forward with one end goal in mind. Chiaki was neck-and-neck in a matter of seconds, and a hopeful warmth invigorated her body. She was so close. This would be just like qualifying, too easy.

Her warmth was punched cold when Chiaki realized she was still perfectly neck-and-neck with *her*, not gaining any more of a lead. Chiaki did a double take as she saw the monochromatic car speeding beside her, wheel to wheel, the driver's head directed at her. *Her* expression was impossible to read, hidden behind the dark visor as her obnoxious pigtails blew horizontally behind *her* head. Swallowing, Chiaki's eyes shot back to the road ahead.



This was not just like qualifying. She was told to "prepare to qualify," but there was no point if she wasn't also prepared for the real race. And no matter how much she practiced, could she ever really be prepared for this?

Chiaki ignored the weight of *her* gaze. No, she could never really be prepared for this...but wasn't that what made it so thrilling? It was those racers she passed, those racers giving it their all, who were her motivation. Through her tense muscles and held breath, she cracked a smile.

The finish line structure was fast approaching. The noses of their race cars bobbed ahead of each other, back and forth, but Chiaki's eyes were fixed on the finish, on the future. It was never about qualifying, never about Chiaki. It was all about them, the other racers. The invigorating warmth in her chest came back to life in full force, spreading to her deepening smile and the tips of her white knuckles clenching the wheel.

Any second and the winner would be determined, and every second was all for them.

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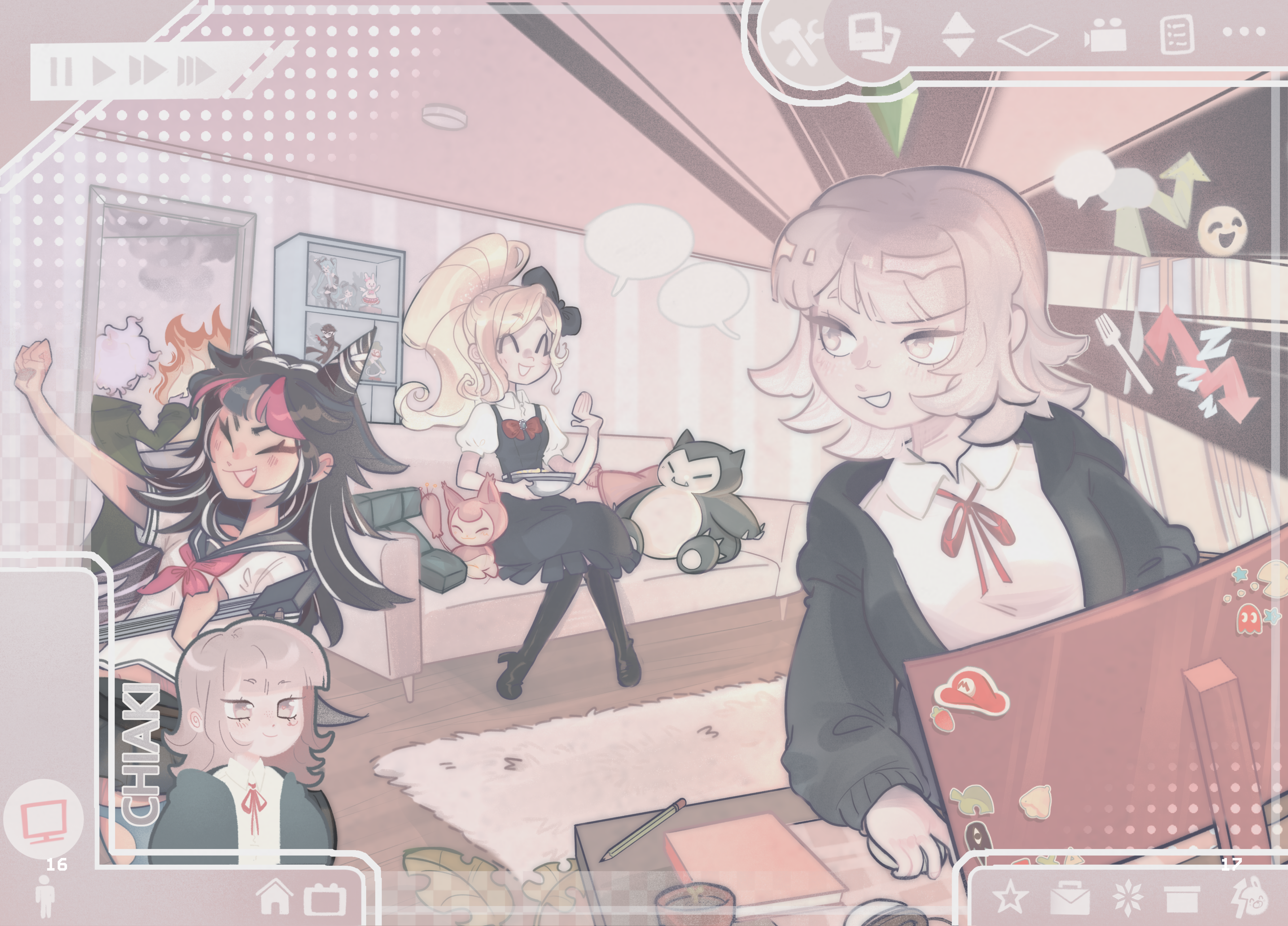
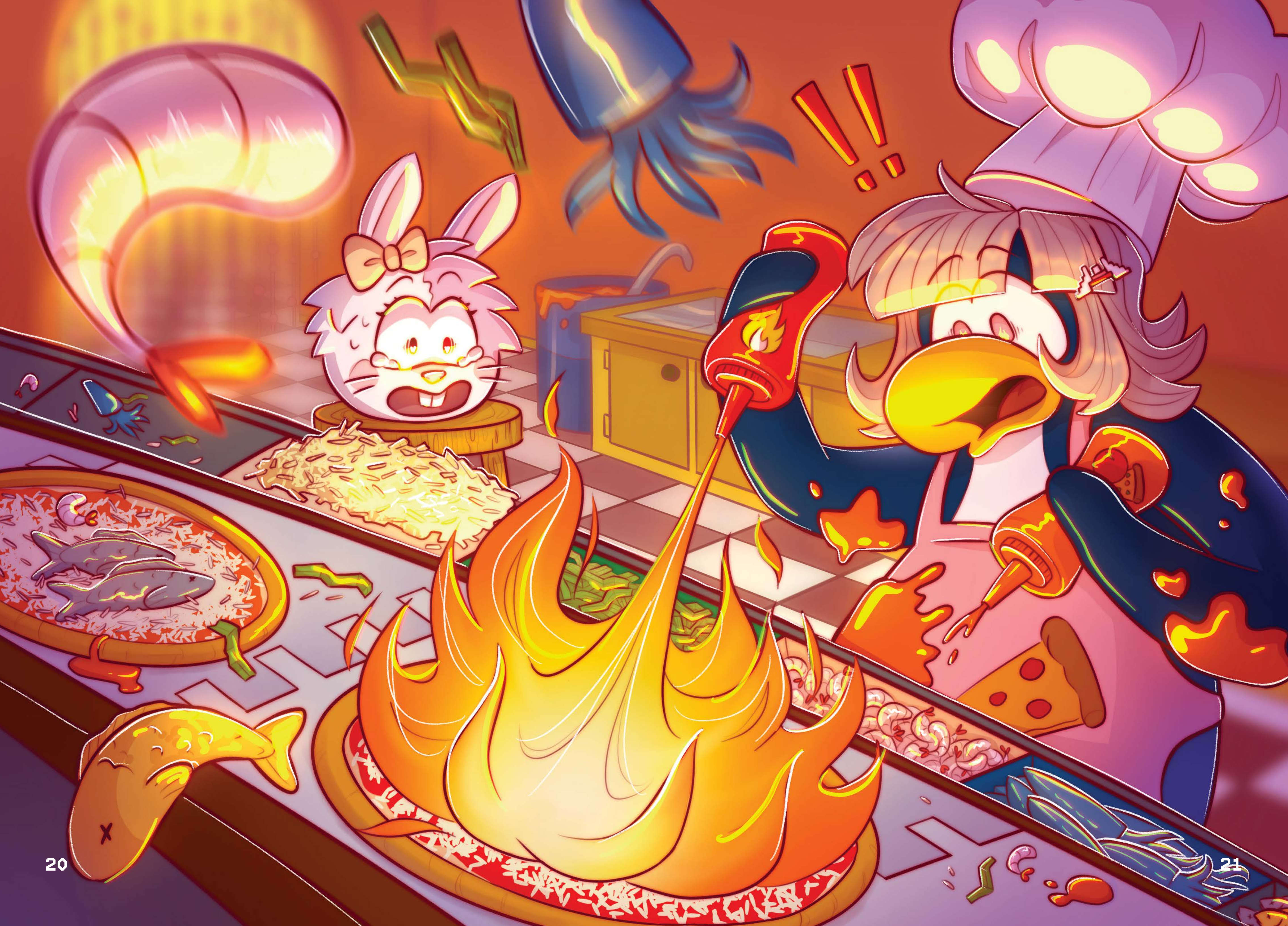

CHIAKI

SoldierEL
* Despite everything,
It's still you.



THE ULTIMATE MENTATHLON

by Rose, art by Blue

The mental world of Hollis Forsythe smelled medicinal. Chiaki's nose twitched upon her astral projection landing in the arena. Compared to the overly floral aroma wafting throughout Hollis' classroom, it was as if Chiaki had teleported into an emergency room.

She gripped the straps of her backpack, heaving a slow, steady breath. Goosebumps rose on her mint green skin as she took in her surroundings. The walls seemed crafted from psitanium, their bright fuchsia hues brightening the sprawling shadows. She tapped on the light blue tiles, reminiscent of a hallway in a hospital, before letting her gaze wander to the ropes squaring off the evenly cut floating platform.

As she continued her examination, anticipation bristled off her friends. Sonia clasped her gloved hands together, spinning on her heels. Her strikingly blue skin was bathed magenta by the glimmering psitanium.

"So, this is it!" she cried. "The mental world!"

Akane snickered, cracking her knuckles. She bounced in place, so giddy she summoned and rolled on her crimson levitation ball. "Looks like a doctor's office. Hey, Second Head, when are we getting this party started?" she called, her hand cupped to her mouth.

"Why, right now."

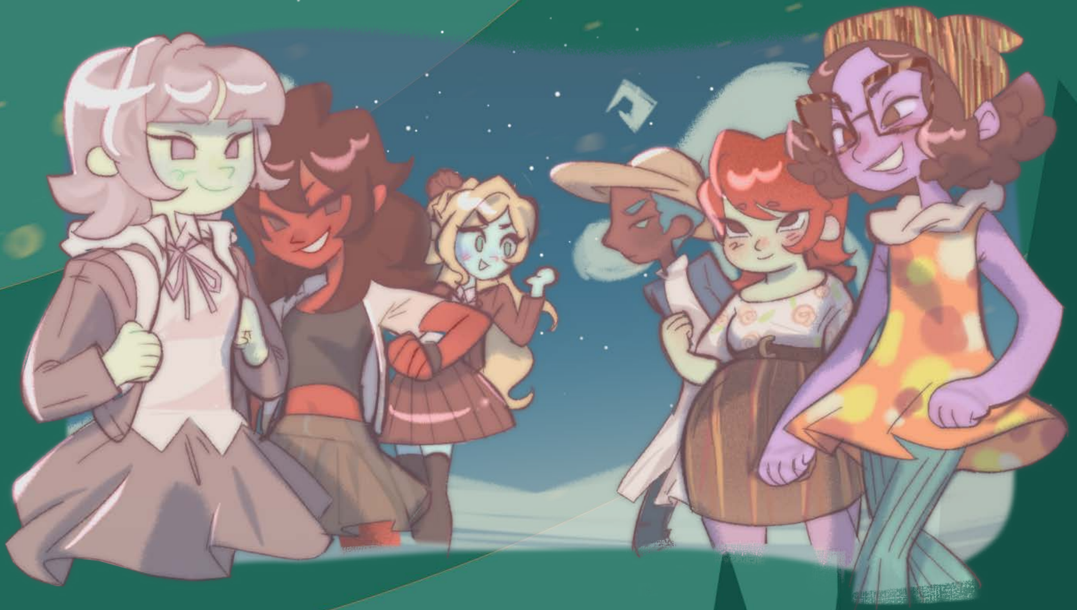
A smooth, confident voice snapped Chiaki out of her rumination. Footsteps echoed behind her, walking out to reveal the Second Head. Agent Forsythe was a
woman of power, and her broad shoulder pads exemplified her status. Three interns followed closely behind, checking over Chiaki, Sonia, and Akane. And in tandem, Chisa marched alongside Hollis, waving with both hands.

"I'd like to welcome you three to my mind," Hollis said, sweeping her arms out. "Hope's Peak Academy having psychics isn't surprising, but, conveniently, you're around the same age as my interns."

Chisa chuckled. "I know, right? I'm glad our schedules lined up, too." She clenched her fists, beaming at the interns. "Seriously, I can't wait to see you guys in action. My girls are the cream of the crop in their fields, but you're training to be *Psychonauts*!"

As they thanked her, Chiaki grinned. It was prestigious to enroll in Hope's Peak Academy, but the Psychonauts were an international organization dedicated to protecting the world of free thought. The leaders of both institutions wanted to build a relationship, with Hope's Peak sending their psychic students to attend a week-long training program at the Motherlobe. It was under the tutelage of the admirable Second Head, who had devised a mentathlon, a bout between the Ultimates and esteemed interns, to tailor-make her lessons.

Hollis gestured for their opponents to step forward. On the left was Adam, the tallest one in the room. He carried himself with palpable pride and tipped his long-brimmed hat. Sonia, smiling, curtseyed in kind. The girl on the right, Sam, was stocky with straight, flat locks of deep orange hair. She was seemingly lost in her own world as she locked eyes with Akane, unblinking. In the center was Norma with skin as violet as the psitanium and a smirk stretching into her cheeks, unnerving Chiaki.



"Kids, remember," Hollis said, stepping between the trios, "this isn't meant to be strenuous. Of course, the mind is dangerous, but this is a training exercise, so-" She shared a conspiratorial glance with her interns. "-let's show our visitors what the Psychonauts can do."

Adam reached under his hat, and Sam bobbed her head. Norma adjusted her thick-rimmed glasses, affirming, “Oh, trust me, Agent Forsythe. We won’t let you down.”

“Girls! Show them what Class 77-B is all about!” Chisa bellowed. “Take those oranges and make juice out of them!”

“We’ll do our best,” Chiaki promised, Sonia and Akane cheering.

Together, Hollis and Chisa levitated above their students. They appeared to be in telepathic communication before Chisa nodded. Hollis raised her hand, pressed her thumb to her middle finger, and snapped, ringing in the duel.

Howling, Akane rushed them. Deep scarlet PSI fists thrust forward, and the interns scattered like rats. Adam lunged to the side, grasping something from underneath his hat. Norma surrounded herself with a spiked, luminescent shield, deflecting the blows. But Sam took one punch square to her stomach, propelling her skyward, and Akane hurried after her prey.

Adam whipped his head over his shoulder, shouting Sam’s name. His fingers clenched around a circular object. His hands moved, quick and controlled, and he flung out a yoyo tethered by a telekinetic string. It whirled around Sam’s ankle, and like a whip, he hauled her inward from Akane’s onslaught.

Setting her index finger to her temple, Chiaki nodded at Sonia. As Adam attempted to reel Sam in like a fisherman, Chiaki knelt and concentrated on the space around them. Knowing Akane could handle herself, still flinging punch after punch as Adam whirled a laughing Sam around in evasive swings, Chiaki sharply clapped. A deep pink shield, like a dome, expanded around her and Sonia. She remained on her knee, squinting and meeting Norma’s eyes, who, she realized, hadn’t moved. Likewise, it seemed she was compelled to observe.

Chiaki declared, “Take care of Adam, Sonia. Akane can then handle Sam.”

Sonia squared her shoulders, reminding Chiaki of her presence as a princess. With three fingers to her temple, her pinky finger raised, sunshine yellow psychic energy gathering around her head like a crown. Her voice boomed, erupting throughout the arena like a bomb, and even Hollis grimaced.

“Adam! You will not take another step!” she commanded, and Chiaki knew her proclamation stabbed like a knife through Adam’s mind.

He recoiled, his long legs frozen in mid-leap. His string broke, his yoyo shattering and releasing his friend. Shrieking, Sam summoned and snatched her thought bubble, floating just above Akane’s kick. Sam rolled, eyes flashing, but Akane hardly slowed her assault, her laughter echoing.

Adam gritted his teeth. He leered over at Sonia, remarking, “Hypnosis, is it? Guess I should’ve expected that from royalty.”

She smiled, steady and assured. “Fear not. You will remain unharmed as long as your compliance is guaranteed.”

But as Sonia spoke, Chiaki’s nostrils suddenly flared. The faint scent of smoke rose from somewhere. Sweat beaded on her neck, staining her Hope’s Peak uniform. Even though her shield protected them, heat spread across her skin like a rash, and she gasped.

Norma’s shield subsided. Her pose was a mockery of Chiaki’s. She appeared casual as a fiery spiral formed around the center of her forehead. It was captivating, like a tight arrow waiting for release.

“I see. Hypnosis as a verbally amplified form of natural confusion. Continuous PSI punches stemming from athleticism.” Norma smirked at Chiaki. “Supported by a larger than average, seemingly impenetrable shield.” She quietly cackled, the temperature skyrocketing, the atmosphere so hot that Chiaki ached for breath. “Regardless, I’m happy to conclude I’ll win.”

She fired. But the blast never sprung forth.

Instead, it came from within the shield. Sonia screamed as the hem of her skirt burst into flames. She feverishly flapped her hands, losing her concentration. Chiaki shouted her name, her own PSI hand fanning out the fire, and Norma looked on with a smile belonging to a viper.

Instantly, Adam broke free from his mental prison. He reached under his hat, seized another yoyo, and thrust it at Akane. It slammed into the back of her head with an audible crack. Akane yelped, stumbling, wildly grasping at the yoyo, but Adam was far too deft. The yoyo tightened so hard around Akane’s wrist, Chiaki feared it would’ve bruised in the real world.

Sam skidded to a stop at a safe distance. She squeezed her eyes shut and grabbed her forehead with both hands. But as suddenly as her stress appeared, it vanished under the guise of a catty grin. Her arms wiggling like jelly, Sam shoved them high into the air.

An explosion ruptured through a wall, scattering psitanium shards. A sudden flood of crystal clear water filled the below crevice. Chiaki’s ears pounded, and she couldn’t believe her eyes. She thought they were tricking her like an illusion crafted by the renowned Ford Cruller. But what burst through the wall, riding in on a perfectly blue wave, called upon by Sam’s zoolingualism, was a beast.

“Mental Esmeralda! Crush her like she tried crushing me!” Sam ordered, and the enormous humpback whale plummeted toward Akane with the descending wave.

Akane's battle cries drowned in the whale's shadow. PSI punches battered against Esmeralda's barnacle-crusted underside. But a relentless flurry of fists was nothing to a literal ton of weight. Her mouth agape, Akane could only throw her arms up, her scream trapped in her throat. Only a plume of dust remained when the whale squashed Akane, her astral projection eliminated, leaving everything quiet.

Chiaki froze, mouthing Akane's name. But in her shock, a gust of wind shot like a bullet. From the corner of her eye, Chiaki recognized Adam's yoyo slamming square into Sonia's chest. Sonia crumpled, her limbs rocketing forward while her midsection thrust back toward the opposite wall. She was stretched like an elastic. As she vomited out the air in her lungs, Sonia launched off the side of the platform in a blur of soft blues and browns, her astral projection banished from Hollis' mind.

Above her, Chisa gasped. Her hands clapped over her mouth. And with perceptible satisfaction, the corners of Hollis' lips raised.

Sam patted Esmeralda's tail, thanking her. Adam smoothed down the invisible wrinkles on his coat and joined the firestarter. Norma, with her gaze fixed on Chiaki, sighed.

"Considering you three are supposed to be extremely talented individuals, I was expecting a challenge." She tapped her cheek. "On second thought, it's understandable. You're only elites in one regard while we're experts in several skills."

"Come on, Norma, don't tease her. It's not like they were rudimentary," Adam chided, and Norma shrugged.

Chiaki dug her fingernails into her palms. "It's not like I think we're elites," she said slowly. "There's more to everyone than just talent. I'm sure you guys have more to you than your strong psychic abilities."

Norma raised her head, her smile fading by a molar. "Oh? Well, thanks for the compliment, but Agent Forsythe wants to see the extent of your proficiency, so try not to worsen my disappointment."

She gestured for Adam to leave. He acquiesced, offering what Chiaki assumed was a civil, if pitiful, smile. While he strutted to Sam, who seemed far more interested chatting with Esmeralda, Norma regained her stance. Hand aimed for Chiaki's face, two fingers to her temple, and back arched, Chiaki could've sworn she saw the same posture in a True Psychic Tales issue starring Sasha Nein.

Heat sweltered again, prepared to ignite. But Chiaki wasn't willing to roll over and surrender.

She had friends to avenge.

With a running start, Chiaki raced along her levitation ball in the nick of time. Flames erupted at her back, missing by hairs, her legs pumping as she circled Norma. Frustration flushed across Norma's face and heightened the speed of the fiery flashes, Chiaki feeling the flames licking at her shins.

She skidded. Her levitation ball deflated underneath her. Ducking low, she narrowly avoided the blast kindling above her head. She clenched her fist, then opened it, a firm object forming between her white-knuckled fingers. Chiaki rushed in a beeline for Norma, who gnashed her teeth and roared, unleashing her mightiest pyrokinetic blast.

The blaze caught on Chiaki's jacket, blinding her with orange lights. But in her madness, she felt nothing at all. She flung *it* at Norma's face, who could only gasp, her glasses askew.

The confusion grenade detonated. Noxious green fumes surrounded them, filling their lungs and overpowering the smoke. Norma wobbled, resembling more of a marionette controlled by a distracted puppeteer. As Norma groaned, Chiaki resisted the hypnotizing spell and rammed her fist square into Norma's jaw. The puppet's strings slashed, sending Norma spiraling, the sight imprinting to Chiaki's eyelids when they closed.

"That was for Akane and Sonia," she mumbled, her consciousness slipping when her astral projection faded from Hollis' mental world.

As abruptly as she fell unconscious, Chiaki snapped awake. She jolted up the couch, catching her breath. Her head pounding, she managed to acknowledge the floral aroma. Warm sunlight bled through the windows, the Quarry just outside, and she recognized the real world.

In Hollis' classroom, Sonia gripped Chiaki's shoulders. Akane crouched next to her, swallowing hard, brows furrowing. Chiaki mended a smile to her expression, and Sonia embraced her, as if she would soon disappear.

Surrounding them, the interns stirred. Norma shuddered, only to quickly gather her composure. Swinging her legs off the couch, she rubbed her cheek, and the pain seemingly followed her to reality.

"Commendable work," she admitted, peering at Chiaki over her glasses. "I didn't anticipate your confusion grenade. It seems-" She crossed her arms. "-you're more than you look."

Chiaki waited. She straightened, rubbing her thumbs against her fingers. And she offered Norma a grin, accepting what she believed was an apology.

“Thanks. You were pretty hot out there, too,” she stated matter-of-factly.

Adam and Sam laughed as Norma’s face flushed. Before she could deliver a rebuttal, Chisa and Hollis shifted from their trances. Norma lunged aside as Chisa bolted from her seat and gathered her students in a spine-breaking embrace.

“Way to go, ladies! I’m so, so, *so* proud of you!” She swung them around, levitating with a squeal. Chiaki’s vision blurred, but she appreciated the discernable delight exuding from her teacher in the form of several colorful figments whirling around them.

Hollis applauded their efforts, adding, “Good work. I’m impressed with everyone.” When Norma’s gaze lowered, she gently patted her shoulder. Norma looked up at her, then nodded, and Hollis continued. “I’ll have your lesson plans finished by this time tomorrow. For now, it’s time for a grand tour of the Motherlobe.”

“Hey, I wanna check out the Noodle Bowl! What kinda grub’s on the menu?” Akane asked, licking her lips as Chisa lowered her students. “Seriously, I’m starved after a good, old-fashioned psychic brawl.”

Hollis groaned. “Don’t expect anything extravagant. You’ll only disappoint yourself.”

“Budget issues?” Chisa wondered sympathetically.
She sighed. “You have no idea.”

As they departed, Adam asked Sonia, “So, what’s Novoselic like? I’d love to hear about your kingdom. I’m quite fond of learning about new customs.”

She gasped, eyes brightening. “Oh, it’s a beautiful country! We have many unique traditions. I’d love to share them with you.”

“Hey, think you can summon that whale again next time?” Akane wondered, clapping her hand on Sam’s shoulder with a toothy smirk.

Sam giggled. “Yeah, sure. Esmeralda won’t be beaten back so easily, though. She even smothered Maligula.”

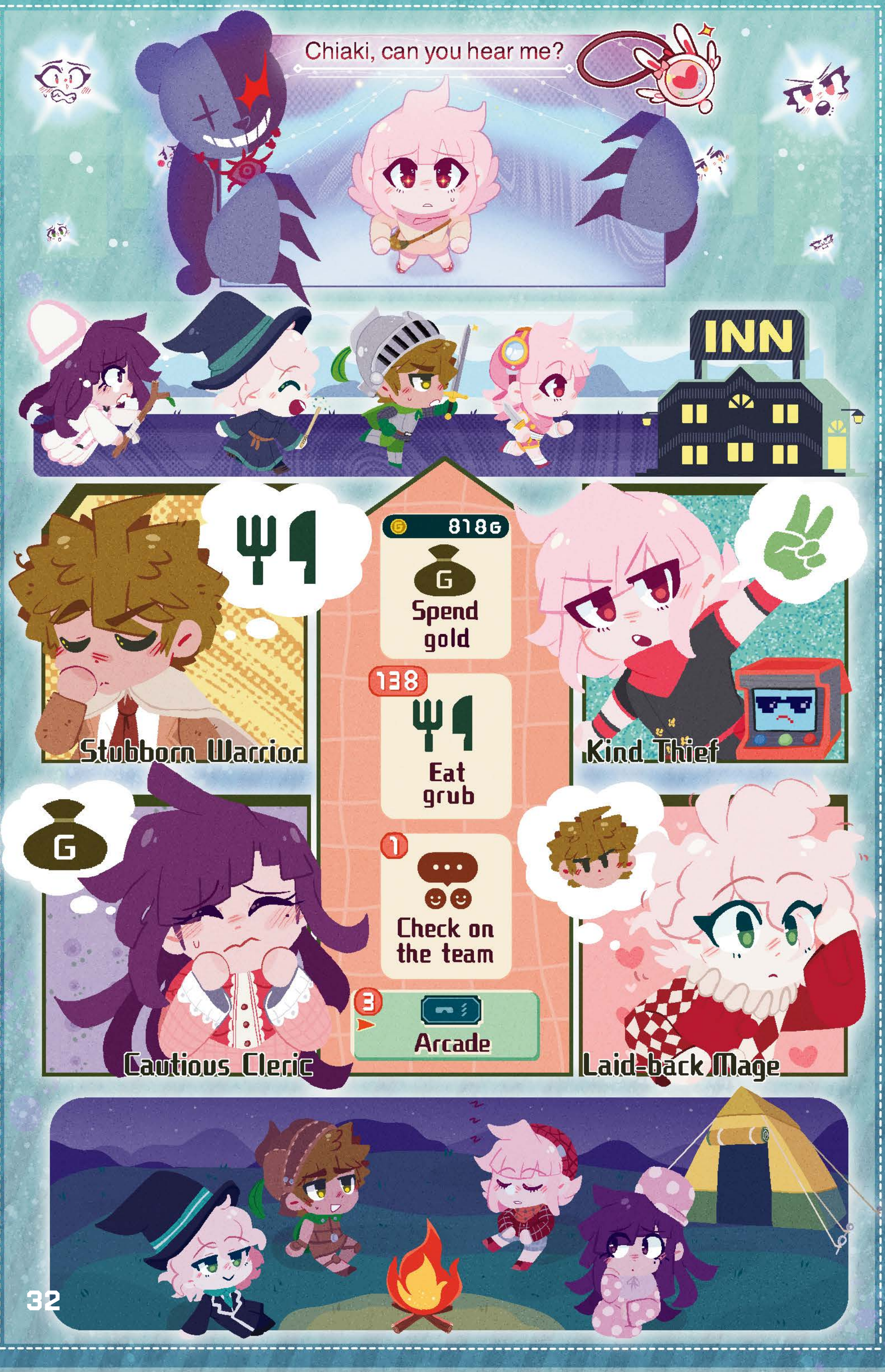
Walking behind the group, Chiaki and Norma exchanged a glance. Chiaki tilted her head, her hair tickling her cheeks. Norma fixed her hunched posture, adjusted her glasses once more, and offered a sneer.

“Next time, Ultimate Gamer, I won’t let you get that 1-up.”

Chiaki matched her confidence.

“I’d rather play co-op with you, I think, but when it comes to games, I’ve never lost.”

They shared a quiet, thoughtful look. A spark pulsed between them, and Norma sighed, setting her sights elsewhere. Satisfied, Chiaki took in the sights and sounds of the Motherlobe. The door to the world of psychics was blown wide open. And as she stepped through, she realized she was levitating inches off the ground, weightless through the depths of her amazement as she wondered what kind of hopeful future she and her friends would build within the Psychonauts.


Chiaki, can you hear me?
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Stubborn Warrior
Kind Thief
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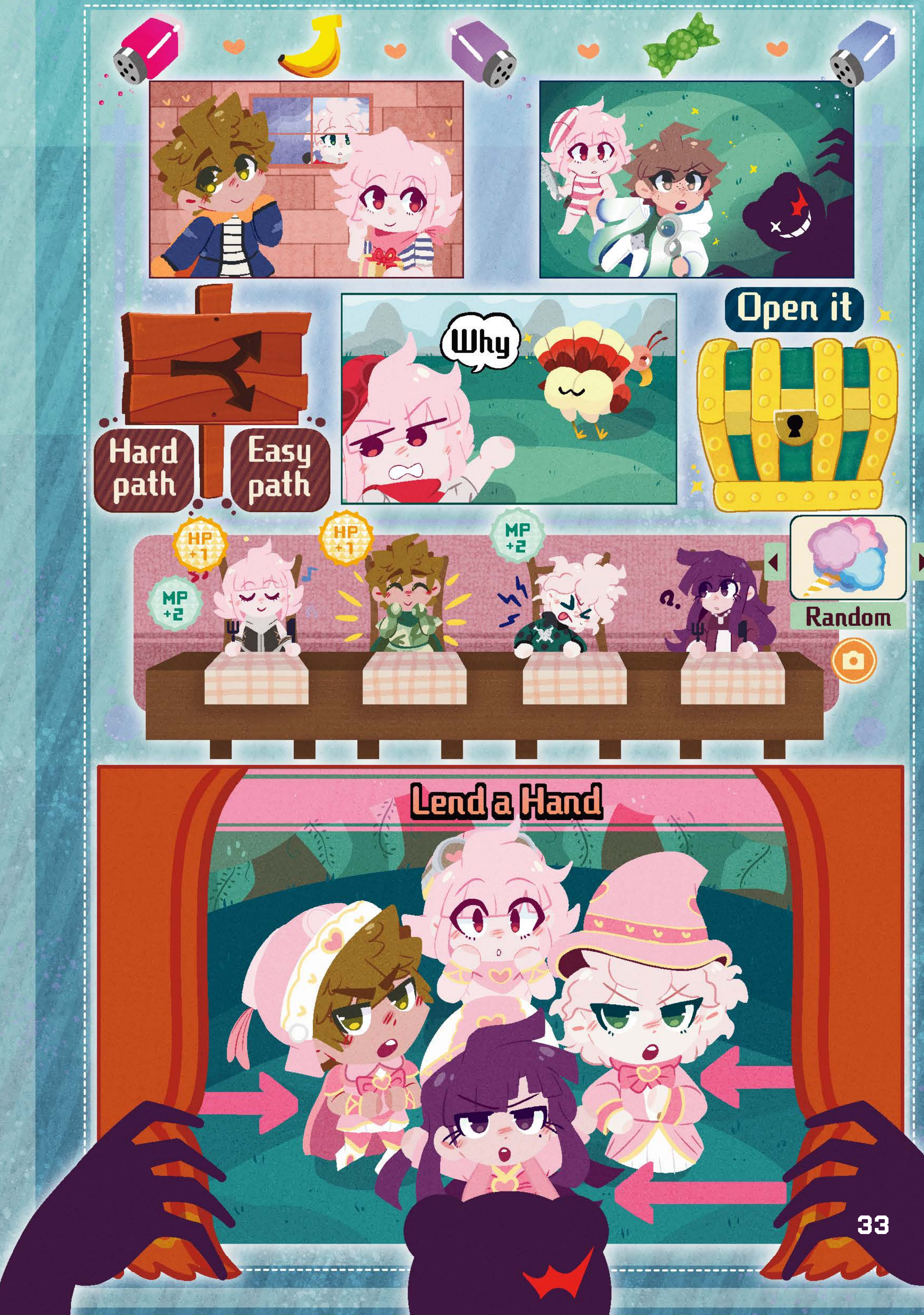
Laid-back Mage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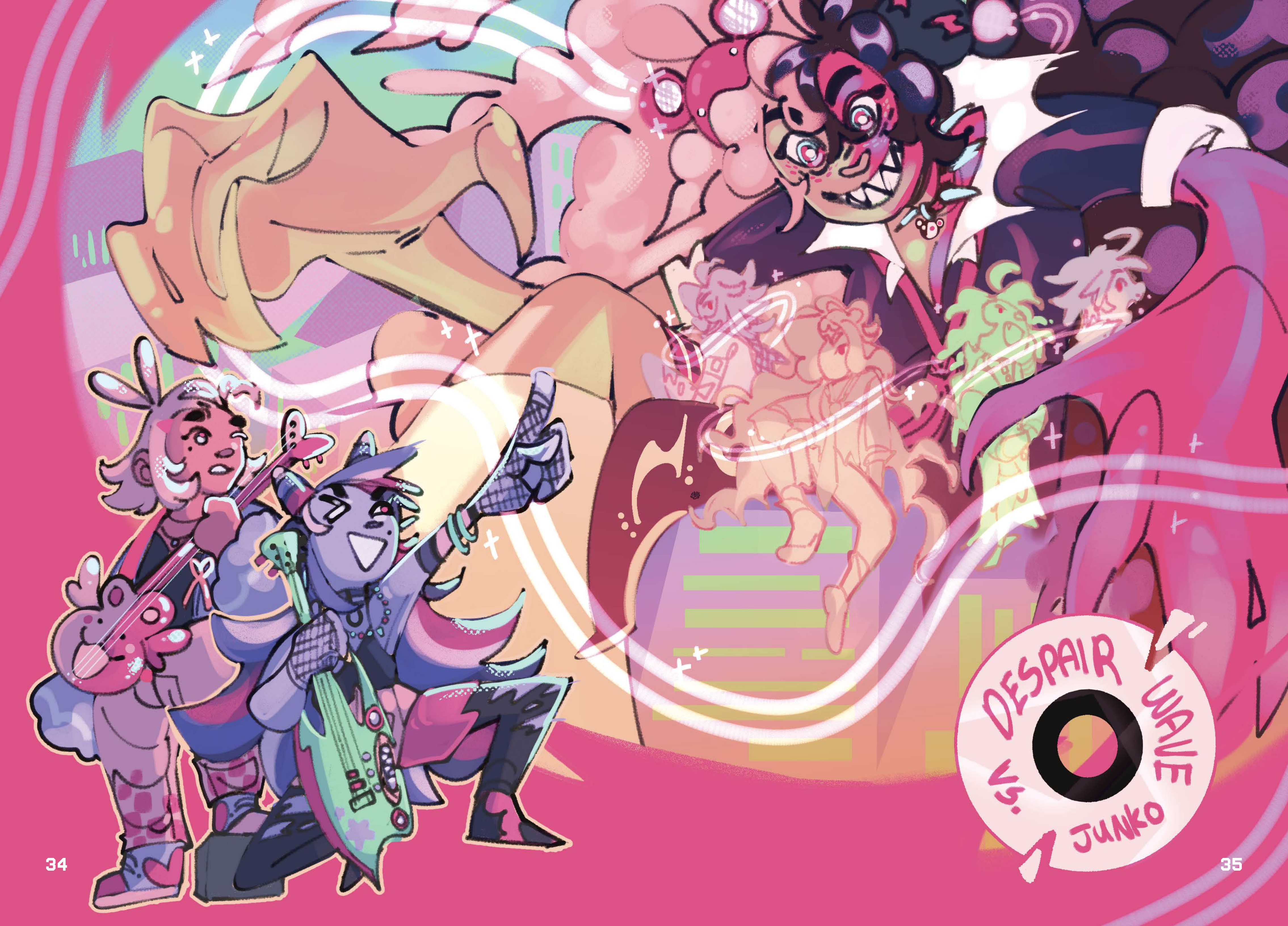
DESPAIR WAVE
VS. JUNKO

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Knead the dough!
TICK
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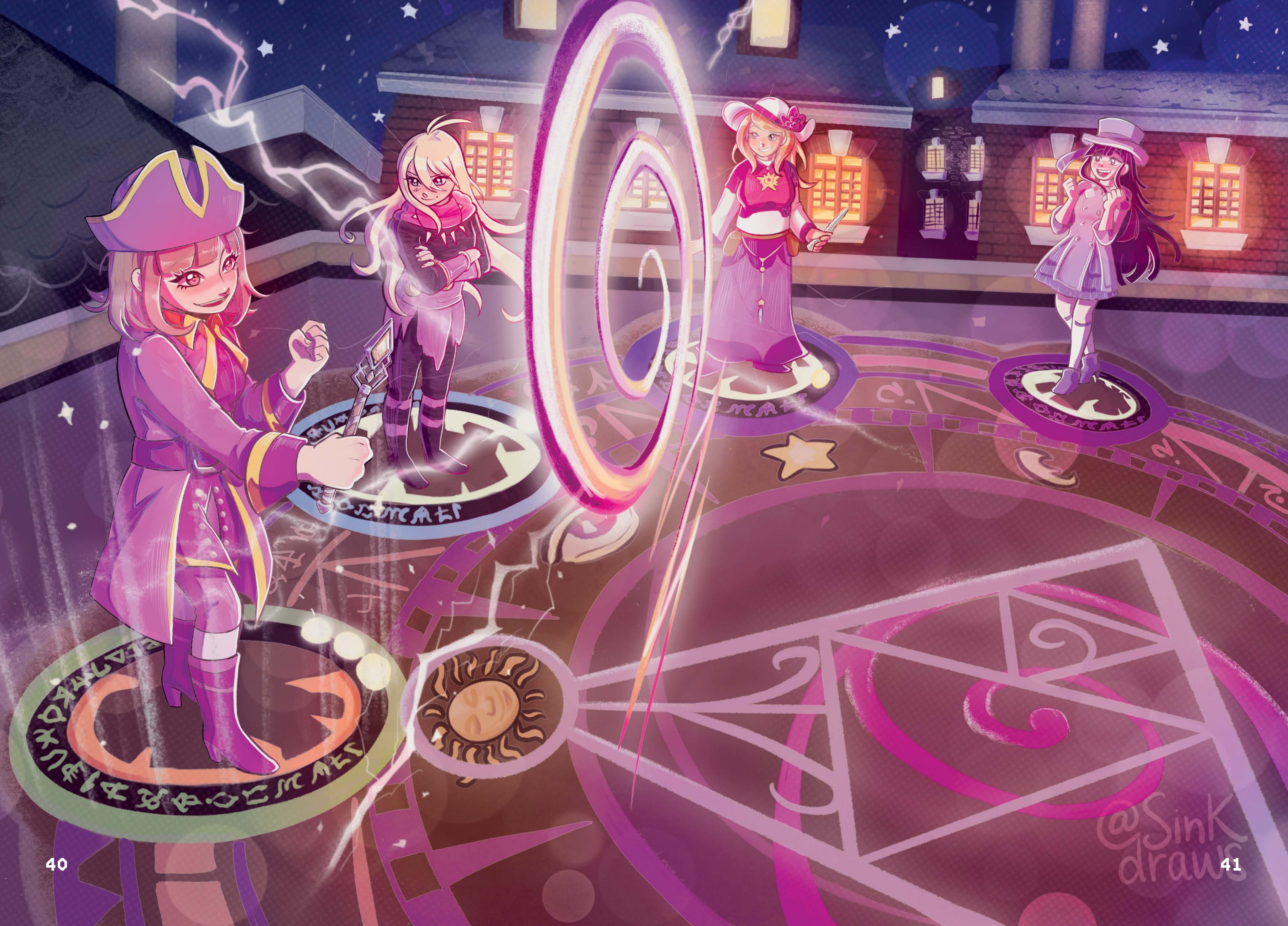
Aperture


@Sink draws

THE WORLD HASN'T EVEN STARTED YET

By MxSoda
ft. wintermelynn

In a mere 12 hours, Chiaki Kusanagi's world had flipped upside down.

She didn't have any plans out of the ordinary that day. As far as she was concerned, it'd be business as usual- she'd attend class, get her work done, and then spend the evening beating one of her many unfinished games.

But the appearance of a certain white-haired boy with a very peculiar proposal had thrown everything off course.

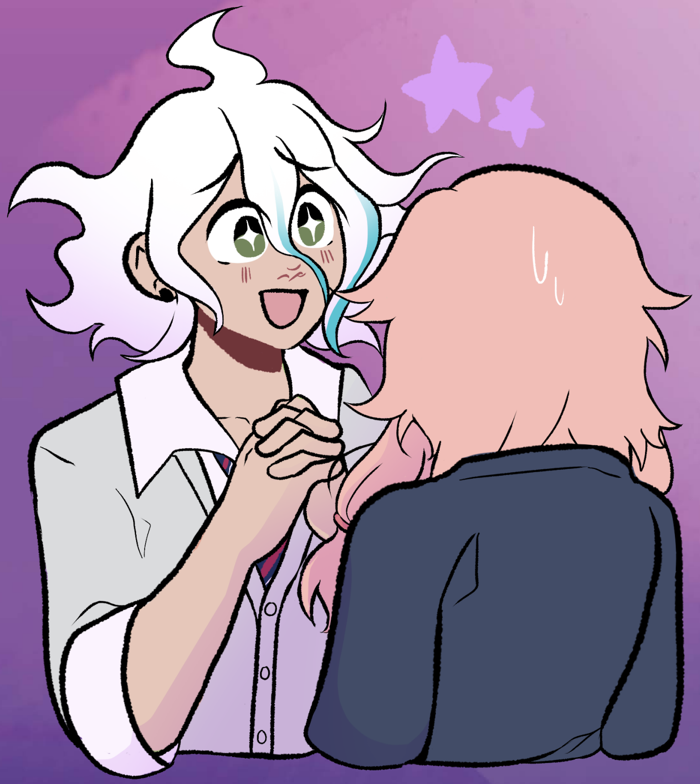
Nagito Kamishiro. Chiaki's Childhood Friend and Neighbor. She had no idea how, but insanity seemed to follow Nagito around like a bad smell.
And his crazed idea today? Throwing himself and Chiaki back into the world of theatre.
Theatre was one of the few things outside of Video Games that Chiaki dabbled in from a young age. In a way, they weren't all that different. Both involved playing a character, following a story, and interacting with whatever fictional world you found yourself in.
But there was one glaring obstacle standing between Chiaki and the bright lights. That being her introversion. No group she auditioned with wanted to give a shyer girl like her a chance. And so, bit by bit, her passion flickered out.

Until today, that was.

"A particularly eccentric pink-haired individual was observing one of my… special street shows in Phoenix Wonderland yesterday," Nagito explained, "After security chased me out, he approached me on the roof this morning. His name is Kazuichi Tenma. He's a wonderfully talented mechanic- looking for a brighter path in life. He asked if I would be so kind as to join his troupe- and naturally, thinking I'd be able to learn a thing or two from him regarding my robotics, I accepted his proposal, but I promised him I'd bring another member with me…"

"Nagito…"

"Oh, come on, Chiaki! I'm confident you can still shine under the spotlight, even if you think otherwise. Come along. Even if just for a single session." Nagito pleaded- eyes wide as saucers. "For old time's sake?"



Chiaki sighed. She'd fought many battles in her time- most of them from behind a computer screen. But she knew that arguing with Nagito was a battle she'd never be able to win.

And so, she caved. But under one condition. She told her crazed companion that she'd only join if Nagito could find a way to keep herself hidden. Bizarrely, Nagito assured the gamer that he already had something Chiaki could use. All she'd need to do was meet her outside the gates to Phoenix Wonderland before their rehearsal began that day.

And that is how Chiaki found herself here, piloting a giant bunny mech from behind a tree.

Yes, Nagito's solution to keeping Chiaki away from the troupe's eye was a four-foot-tall, two-toned, pink and white rabbit dressed in a frilly magical girl costume. It seemed to be modeled after Usami from '*Magical Girl Miracle ☆ Monomi*,' one of Chiaki's all-time favorite games- but despite Usami's adorable nature, the robot looked downright terrifying up close.
However, Chiaki had discovered one thing. Controlling a robot and controlling a video game character weren't all that different. Getting the mechanism to the Theme Park was somewhat fun- as was pressing the myriad of different buttons to test the robot's functions.

"Chiaki? Come in, Chiaki? Can you hear me?"

"Loud and clear." Chiaki replied. "What's going on?"

"It's time for your big moment," Nagito instructed. "Follow the signs to Wonder Stage and steer Robo-Sami there. I'll introduce you once you arrive."

"Got it. Ah, Nagito?"

"Mhm?"

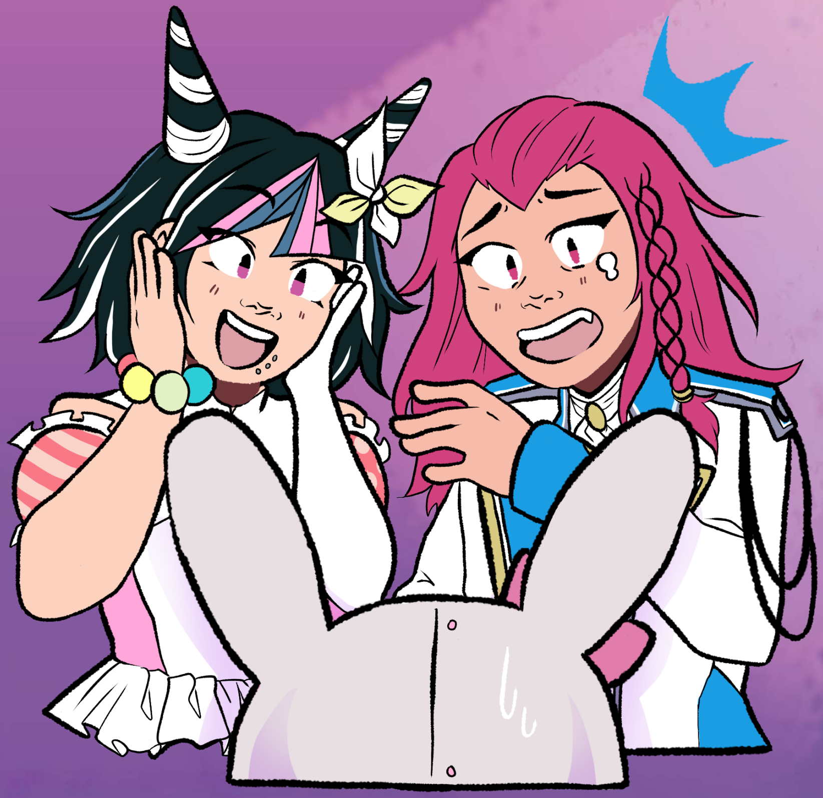
"What are… the other people in this troupe like?"

"Well, there are only two other people besides us. You already know about Tenma- an incredibly caring individual and a fantastic mechanic… although he's a *little* bit scatterbrained. Then there's another girl, Ibuki Ootori. She's… rather energetic, to see the least. I've only met her for a few minutes, but she's left quite the impression."

"Ah… got it."

"You're going to love them, I'm sure. And I'm sure they'll love you." Nagito reassured. "Now, come and join us."

Chiaki did as instructed, tilting the joystick slightly to cause Robo-Sami to jolt forward. From there, it was only a matter of following the signs. Left, right, left again, left once more, and…



"IS THAT A ROBOT?"

Chiaki found herself face-to-face, or rather, face-to-camera, with Rui and two other figures- one boy and one girl. They looked… peculiar- to say the least. The boy- who Chiaki guessed was Kazuichi, wore a black and pink button-up with a green-yellow overshirt and matching pants, while the girl- assumably Ibuki, wore studded black dungarees, a black and white striped shirt and a two-toned pink and blue cardigan. Their expressions were ones of utter bewilderment as they ran to crowd around Robo-Sami.

"That's a biiiiggggg robot, Nagito! She almost comes up to my shoulders!" Ibuki exclaimed, grabbing Robo-Sami by the shoulders and tilting her head left and right to inspect it. Kazuichi seemed less enthusiastic by it all giving Nagito a concerned yet frightened look.

"I said to bring another HUMAN troupe member- not a freakin' robot, Nagito!"

"Well, Kazuichi- rest assured that Robo-Sami here can do anything the rest of us can do. She's robotically controlled, after all."

"YOU made this freak of nature?"

"I did indeed." Nagito hummed, clearly pleased with himself. "I've made sure she's fully optimized for this gig. She only requires twelve hours of charging overnight. Each charge will last her for up to three days at a time! I'm rather proud of her, to say the least.

"Huh..." Kazuichi muttered, clearly trying to hide his intrigue. "Well, who the hell's controlling it?"

"She's nearby," Nagito assured. "And rest assured she has complete control. There's no way that anything can happen to throw her out of control. Well... at least from what I've tested, but that slight possibility of something abnormal keeps it interesting, no?"

"OF COURSE IT DOESN'T, YOU NUTCASE!" Kazuichi exclaimed. "I DON'T NEED SOME CRAZED ROBOT HIJACKING MY SPOTLIGHT!"

"Hey," Chiaki cut in, pressing down on one of the buttons on her controller. "Who are you calling 'Crazed Robot?'

Kazuichi practically *screamed*, running to hide behind one of the nearby benches, tripping over himself in the process. Ibuki seemed a little less fazed, going back to staring intently at Robo-Sami's metallic shell.

"Woaahhhhhh, she talked! Nagito, she can talk?"

"She can, indeed. The person controlling them has a video transmission system. She can see and talk to us from her hiding place."

"EEEEEEEK, THAT'S SO EXCITING!" Ibuki squealed, running back up to Robo-Sami and grabbing them by the shoulders. "Hello, little robot! You're so cool! I'm Ibuki Ootori! What's your name?"

Chiaki was sure the hyperactive girl in front of her would implode if she spoke any faster, but there was something... oddly endearing behind her energy, even if the gamer herself couldn't quite match it.

"I'm... Robo-Sami."

"Would you mind telling these two your own name as well? Nagito asked.

"It's... Chiaki. Chiaki Kusanagi."

"Alright, listen here, Chiaki Kusanagi." Kazuichi cut in, his brain still very clearly fried. "As... incredible as this robot is, we need someone to perform all manner of shows with us. I'm talkin' plays, dances, musicals... and you can't do that from inside... that thing. So I'm sorry but- OW! Hey, Quit kicking me, Ibuki!"

"No fair, Kaz! You gotta let her join us! C'monnnnn!"

"You need me to dance?" Chiaki asked, a smirk growing on her hidden face. "Alright then, fine. I'll dance."

"From inside THAT? I've worked by machines my whole childhood, and there's no way in hell something like that-"

"Ibuki. Some music, if you would?" Nagito asked, clearly deriving enjoyment from seeing Kazuichi's expression grow more confused by the second.

"Sir, yes sir!" Ibuki giggled before dashing backstage, returning with some kind of wireless speaker. "You ready, Chiaki?"

"Ready," Chiaki replied, her hands on the controller. She'd played plenty of dance-style games to know how to pull this one off. If a child-sized robot and a few pixels on a tv screen weren't that different, this would be a piece of Raspberry Pi.

"Three, two, one... HIT IT!"

"Up, up, down, down, left, right, left right, B, A..." Chiaki muttered under her breath, eyes glued to the screen in front of her. "Perfect."

"JESUS, IT'S TAP DANCING?" Kazuichi exclaimed, eyes wide. "I-incredible...

Wait, NO! Sure, it's cool, but you've only ticked one of two boxes."

"Alright. Ibuki, what songs have you got on that player."

"Oh, Ibuki can get absolutely ANYTHING up! Just say the word, and I'll sort it in two shakes of a robo-bunny's tail!"

"In that case... would "Two-Player Game" work? It's... from a musical..."

"WOOHOO! You have AMAZING taste!"

"You know it?"

"Yes-siree!"

"In that case, if I sing Jeremy, would you be happy to sing Michael?"

"Me? Sing with an ultra-cool robot? I would be HONORED!" Ibuki replied, darting up onto the stage. "C'mon, Chiaki!"

Chiaki didn't need to be asked twice. She got to work carefully navigating Robo-Sami up the stage's steps, taking her place at Ibuki's side. Tilting the camera upwards allowed her to see a warm, friendly smile on the other girl's face. She wasn't the world's most confident singer, but something about Ibuki's bright expression made nerves near impossible at this moment.

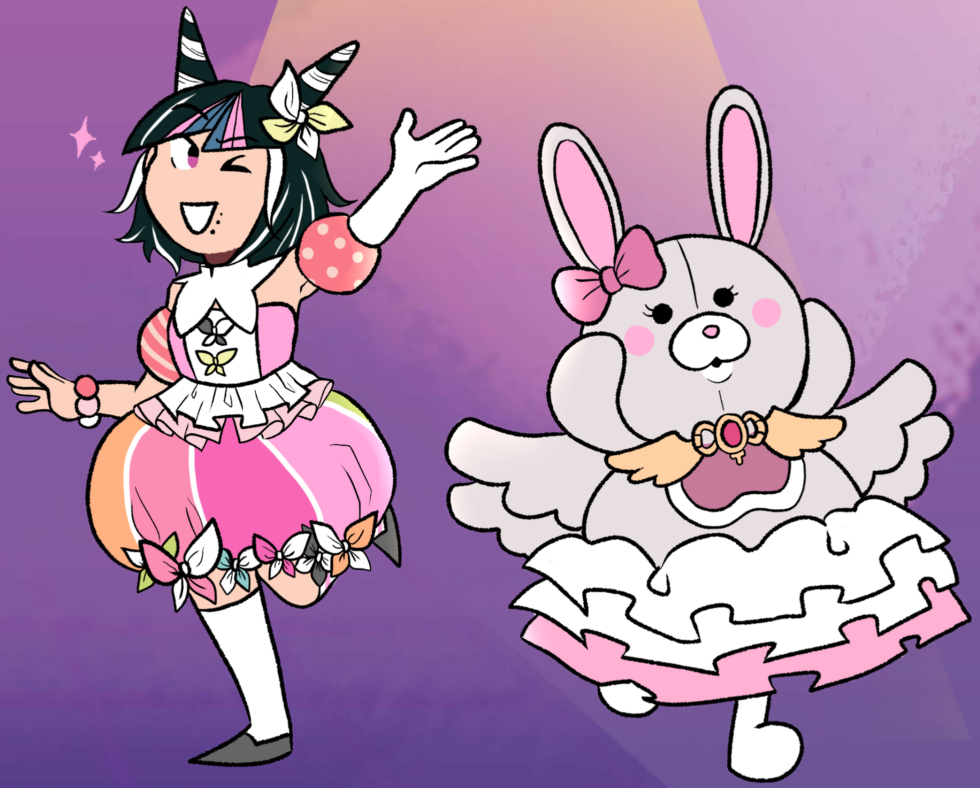
Nagito took his position next to the speaker, his finger hovering over the play/pause button. Chiaki pressed a button, allowing Robo-Sami to nod. Chiaki closed her eyes, letting the familiar retro sound of the song's intro fill her ears.

It was time to prove herself.

"APOCALYPSE OF THE DAMMED!" Ibuki shouted

"LEVEL NINE!" Chiaki continued.

"THE CAFETORIUM!" Both girls finished- before taking deep breaths. They'd be singing the next part together, and neither could afford to let the other down. Ibuki flashed Chiaki a thumbs-up, and Chiaki responded with another robotic nod. It was showtime.



"Find the bad guy, push him aside,
then move on forward with your friend at your side!
It's a two-player game, so when they make an attack,
you know you got a brother gonna have your back!"

"And you stay on track and- AH! I remain on course!
"And if they give you a smack, you got-AH! Use your force!
And if you leave your brother behind, it's lame,
'cause it's a f'ed up world, but it's a two-player game!"

The girls powered through the rest of the song- Chiaki making it a point to show her full ability with the odd pose and reaction from her controller. When the two eventually concluded, their faces were red, and their spirits were sky-high. Kazuichi looked utterly star-struck, Nagito shooting him a "told you she was capable" look from the sidelines.

"Well! Come on, Kazuichi! She's incredible! And totally adorable! She HAS to be a part of this! Pleaseeeeeeee?"

All eyes were on Kazuichi by now, his face going a similar shade to his hair after being proved wrong. Ibuki and Nagito continued to stare, their eyes wide and sparkly, and the boy eventually caved.

"Alright, alright. Welcome aboard, Chiaki. And Robo-Sami, of course."

"YIPPEEEEEEEEE!" Ibuki cheered, gripping Robo-Sami in a tight embrace, her goofy smile growing wider.

"I assure you, Kazuichi, you will not regret your decision." Nagito said, smiling. "Chiaki, is there anything you'd like to say?"

Chiaki thought she'd never see a spotlight again in her life. She thought of herself as a side character, someone who existed to be another face in the crowd. But looking to Nagito, Ibuki, Kazuichi… Perhaps being a member of the main party wouldn't be so bad?

After all, she'd spent so long going from digital world to digital world… that her world hadn't even started yet.

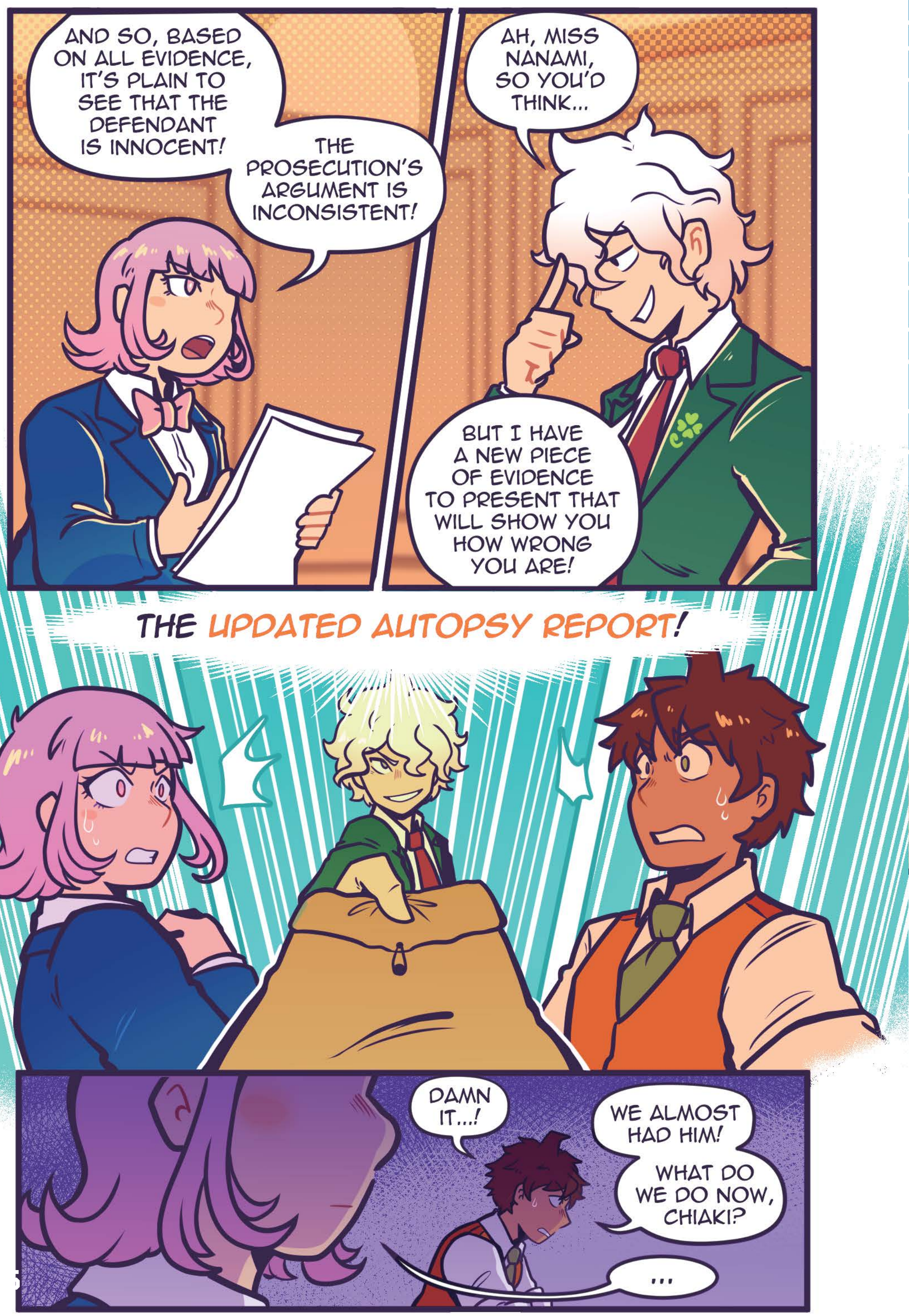
And she wanted to see where this plotline would lead her.

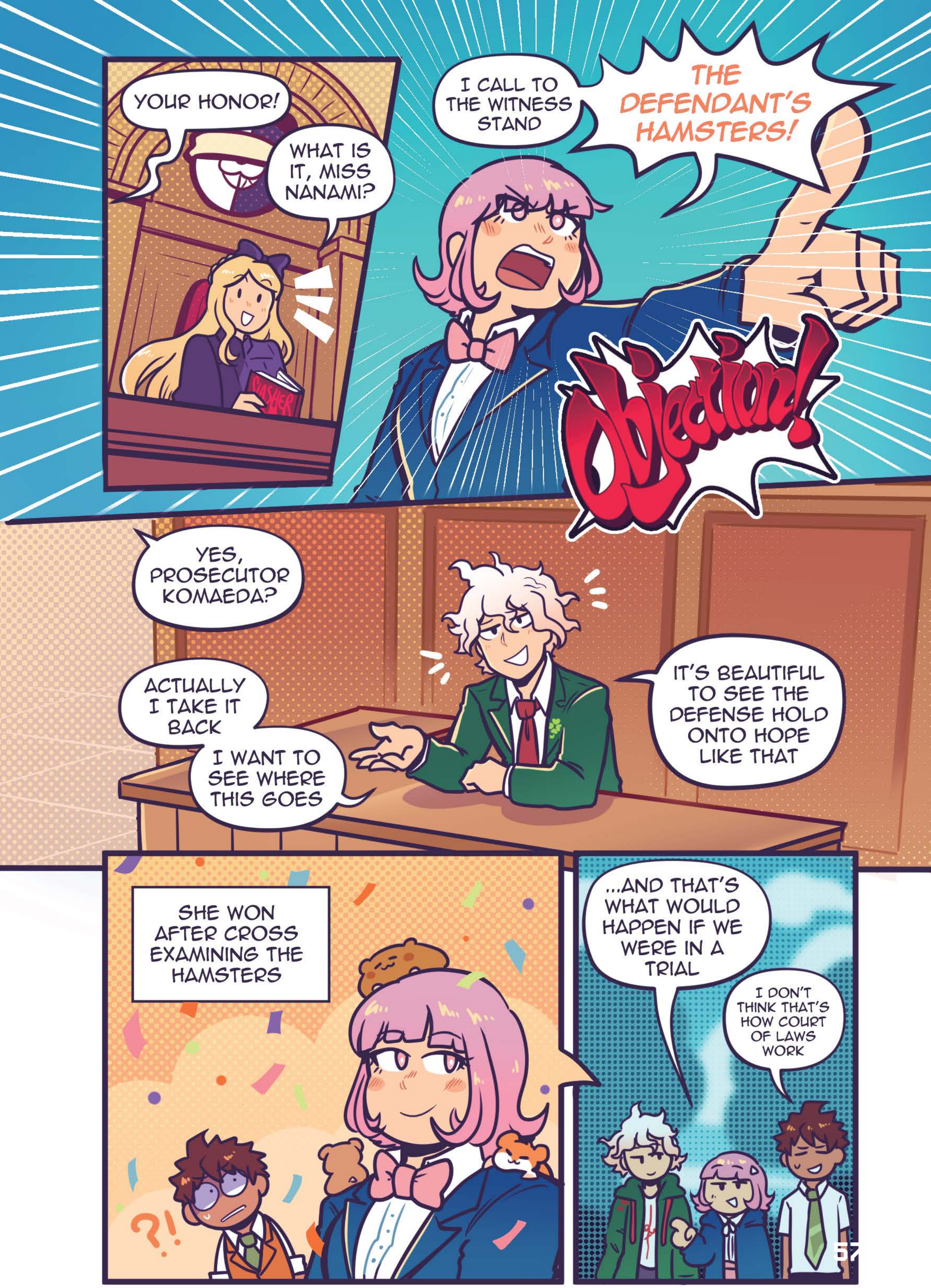
"Thank you for giving me a chance. I promise I won't let you down."

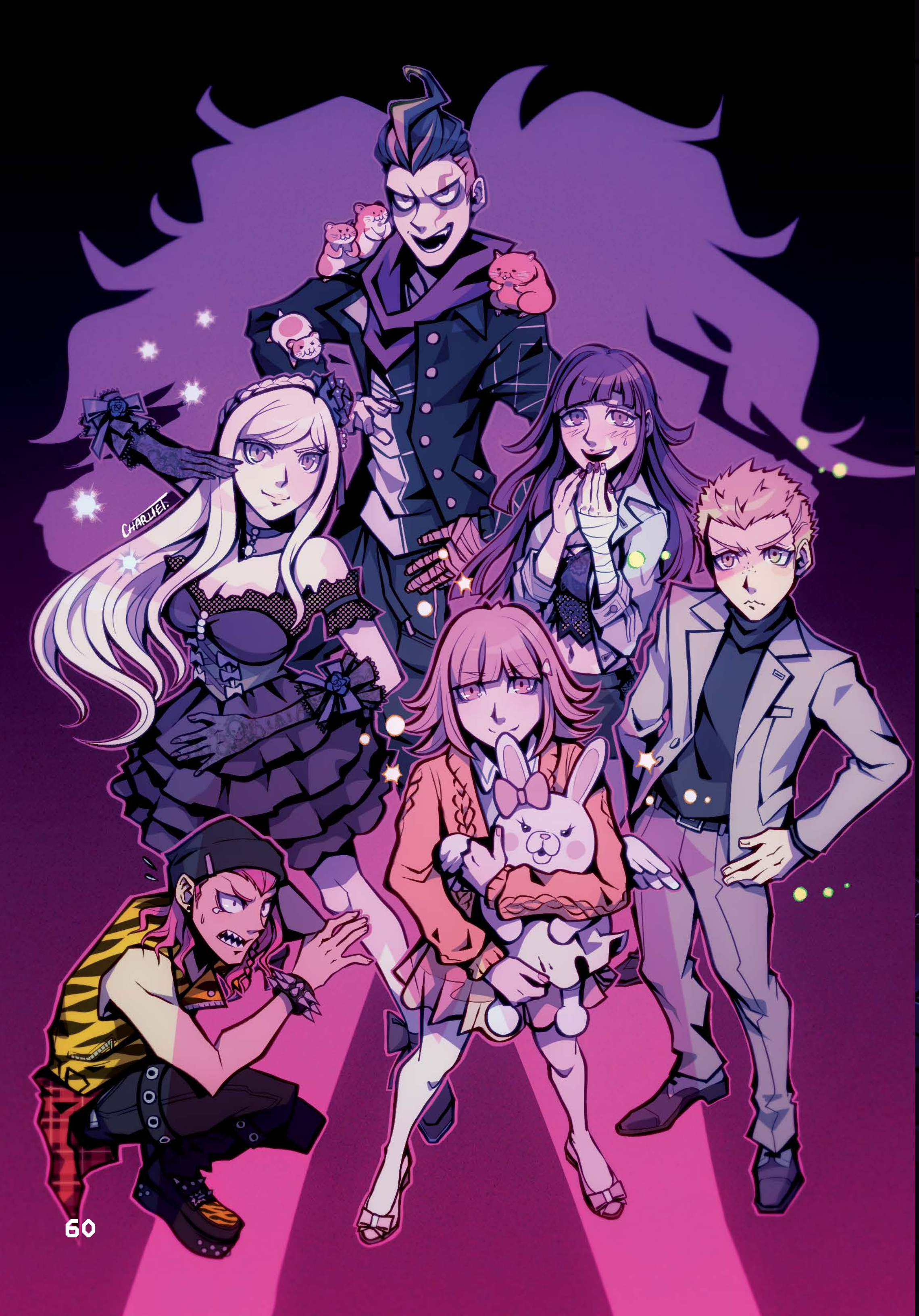
- + -

UR
CHIAKI NANAMI
IIAKI
LOVE
LIVE

WIN!!
77.3%


AND SO, BASED ON ALL EVIDENCE, IT'S PLAIN TO SEE THAT THE DEFENDANT IS INNOCENT!
THE PROSECUTION'S ARGUMENT IS INCONSISTENT!
AH, MISS NANAMI, SO YOU'D THINK...
BUT I HAVE A NEW PIECE OF EVIDENCE TO PRESENT THAT WILL SHOW YOU HOW WRONG YOU ARE!
THE UPDATED AUTOPSY REPORT!
DAMN IT...!
WE ALMOST HAD HIM!
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, CHIAKI?
...


YOUR HONOR!
WHAT IS IT, MISS NANAMI?
SLASHER
I CALL TO THE WITNESS STAND
THE DEFENDANT'S HAMSTERS!
Objection!
YES, PROSECUTOR KOMAEDA?
ACTUALLY I TAKE IT BACK
I WANT TO SEE WHERE THIS GOES
IT'S BEAUTIFUL TO SEE THE DEFENSE HOLD ONTO HOPE LIKE THAT
SHE WON AFTER CROSS EXAMINING THE HAMSTERS
?!
...AND THAT'S WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF WE WERE IN A TRIAL
I DON'T THINK THAT'S HOW COURT OF LAWS WORK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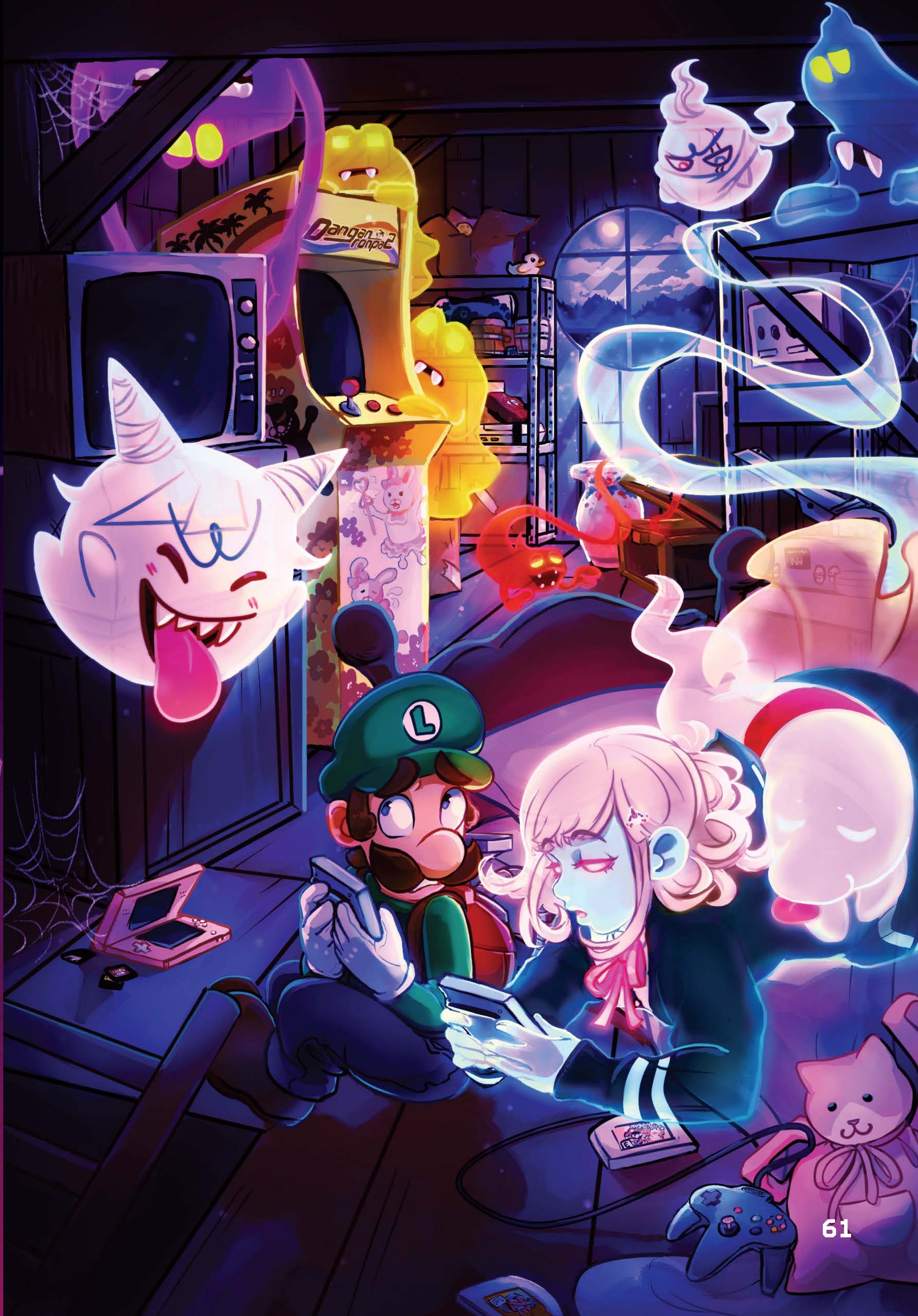
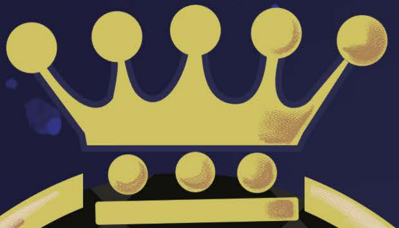

Danganronpa 2

MIRROR IMAGE

by Newt, art by Yagito



The marketplace is full of the shouts of merchants peddling their wares, hagglers desperately trying to lower the price of the treasure that's caught their eye, and children weaving their way through the legs of their adults as they play, laughing all the way. A few students in uniform pass by, chatting as they browse through the stalls. The chaos is a little overwhelming, but it's warm, too, as people go about their daily routine, living their lives. For that reason, it's easier to bear the noise, even though she isn't used to such activity.

She holds tightly onto Usami's paw, the stuffed rabbit thrumming with magic; Chiaki's magic, specifically, her own unique spell that allows objects to come to life. Usami's been with her since childhood, patched up so many times it's hard to say how much of the original plushie is left. They've been through thick and thin together, so however childish it may seem to others, Chiaki could only regard her as a sister.

"Don't let go of my hand, or you'll get lost," Chiaki warns her.

"I won't get wost!" Usami shoots back, floating easily alongside her. Though she can levitate, and even fly, her wings are merely decoration. The cause of her flight is a simple spell Chiaki learned to make the stuffed rabbit easier to transport, without having to stuff her in a bag or carrier like an animal.

Though they've lived on the Isle of Sages their whole lives, it's rare that Chiaki actually gets to go out. If she were a boy, she might have been invited to the legendary Royal Sword Academy, or its more infamous counterpart Night Raven College, but both schools typically only permitted young men to attend.

Chiaki prefers to live at home, anyway, only leaving to do the occasional errand for her parents and learning from them as she goes. The idea of attending school is maybe a little intimidating for her; She's used to being alone, with only the friends she's created for herself, like Usami. She's heard Night Raven College students tend to be rather chaotic, as well. Nothing like the well-behaved students of Royal Sword Academy, its rival school on the other side of the island.

Today she's picking up an ingredient for a specific potion, something rare enough that they can't just order it online. Along the way she grabbed a few cans of tuna for the cats that sometimes gather in the woods near her house. These she's holding in a bag she carries with her left hand.

As they're walking, steadily evading the worst of the crowd, a glint of sunlight beaming off something catches Chiaki's eye. She stops walking, and turns to see what it is that's beckoning her.

It's a large mirror: The type used for travel, most often, though this one has seen better days. The frame is gold, with flakes peeling off to reveal worn-out wood underneath. There's a whorl on top where the paint is uneven, and the mirror itself is lined with what seems to be real silver, a deterrent to protect it from thieving fairies. All in all, its frame is not particularly noteworthy or eye catching.

The frame of the mirror is not what has Chiaki so rooted in place.

She can see herself in the reflection. But it's not herself, not at all her image as she is now, standing stupidly in the middle of the street. Instead, she's in a brown blazer and pleated skirt, standing in front of the gate to a massive building. The symbol at the very top, too far for her to make out any distinct qualities to it, is in black and white. Rather than Usami standing with her, there are other students

mingling around. She seems to be conversing with a few of them. It must be a school, she thinks. It's not one she recognizes, and it's certainly not one she's ever attended.

The Chiaki in the mirror turns around. Their eyes meet.

There's a crack as the mirror splits down the middle.

On the other side of the crack, she can see herself... again. This time she's standing on a beach, wearing a dark teal hoodie with cat ears. The waves lap at the shore. There's palm trees in the distance, and she can practically smell the warm, salty air of the ocean nearby. The other students, still talking animatedly amongst themselves in the other half of the mirror, are nowhere to be found. Instead, this Chiaki is holding onto Usami's little paw, just like the real Chiaki is now.

The real... me? She blinks.

The vision is gone. The mirror is back to being a regular mirror. The shopkeeper looks at her, irritated, asking if she's going to buy it or if she can get out of the way so someone else can look. All she can see in the mirror is herself, standing alone.

Alone... "Oh, no," Chiaki mutters. Usami is gone, having slipped out of her grasp while she was mesmerized by what she was seeing. If she goes too far, the spell will fail, and she'll fall over lifeless until she can be reanimated again, but... what if she gets taken by a passing child? Then Chiaki may never find her again.

She doesn't even want to think about that. Instead, she begins to walk once more, eyes scanning for any sign of the stuffed rabbit, trying not to get too frantic. The cans in her bag knock into each other, but she barely pays any mind to the noise they're making.

Chiaki doesn't notice she's being followed. Her pursuer is small and quiet, the pads of his paws silencing his footsteps. Sniff sniff... I smell tuna~!

Nobody else in the marketplace even so much as looks at her, all too busy with their own lives to care about some random girl's panicked push through the throng of people. She stops and asks a few people if they've seen a stuffed rabbit go by, but many of them shrug her off, the rest shaking their head.

It's not long until she has to stop and catch her breath on a side street.

That's when the creature stalking her lets out a warcry, leaping at the bag in her hand. He grabs it with his claws, kicking desperately as he tries to wedge himself into the bag. Chiaki startles, pulled down by the weight of him. All she can see is gray fur and a fuzzy tail that ends in three prongs.

"Mine!" the monster crows, thinking himself victorious. "It's mi– NGAH!"

The bag rips and the cans come tumbling out. Chiaki's assailant lands on his rump, too startled to move. The cans roll away, and he looks up, confused, with big blue eyes. She realizes now that what she's looking at so closely resembles a large cat that she might not have noticed the fiery tufts of blue fur in his ears or the small white mane around his neck.

Thinking quickly, she seizes him by the scruff so he can't pursue the cans. He yowls, thrashing.

"LEMME DOWN! YOU'LL REGRET MANHANDLING THE GREAT AND POWERFUL LORD GRIM!"

She holds him far enough away from herself that he can't do anything but complain. His protests die down when he realizes she won't hurt him, and with that, she puts him down. Grumbling to himself, he stands on his hind legs and pats himself down. Chiaki squats to his level.

"Excuse me," she says, "have you seen a white stuffed rabbit about your size anywhere?"

"Maybe," he shoots back, folding his arms and sticking his nose in the air. "Whatsit to ya?"

Chiaki taps her chin thoughtfully, looking around the alley they've stopped in. "Hmmm..." She takes her time, and Grim taps his foot impatiently while waiting for her response. "How about... I give you all my cans of tuna, if you can help me find Usami...?"

His face lights up immediately. "Ya would!?"

Chiaki smiles and picks up the nearest can. “Yep. So tell me, where did you see her?” His eyes, pupils massive, follow her hands as they carefully lift and stack each can until she’s holding all four again.

Grim is practically salivating, his tail lashing behind him. “This way!” he calls, going back on all fours. He dashes off, only slowing down once he realizes Chiaki is plodding along behind him, unable to keep up. His movements are as lithe as a cat’s, and hers… not so much, given her sedentary lifestyle.

He slows down, and Chiaki now keeps pace with him. Curious, she stares at him. She’s heard of monsters, but never encountered one herself. Some of them were wily tricksters, others behemoths who couldn’t speak at all. This one seems almost… cute, and mostly just a mild nuisance.

They make their way back to where Chiaki lost Usami. “Here!” Grim says, pointing to the shop where the mirror still stands. Disappointed, Chiaki just stares. All this effort, only to be brought back to the starting point…? It’s almost as bad as losing a save file to corruption.

“CHIAKI-CHAN!” A familiar voice calls out, and before she can even react, she’s being pounced on. The stuffed rabbit latches onto her torso, and without even thinking, Chiaki wraps her arms around her and holds her tight.

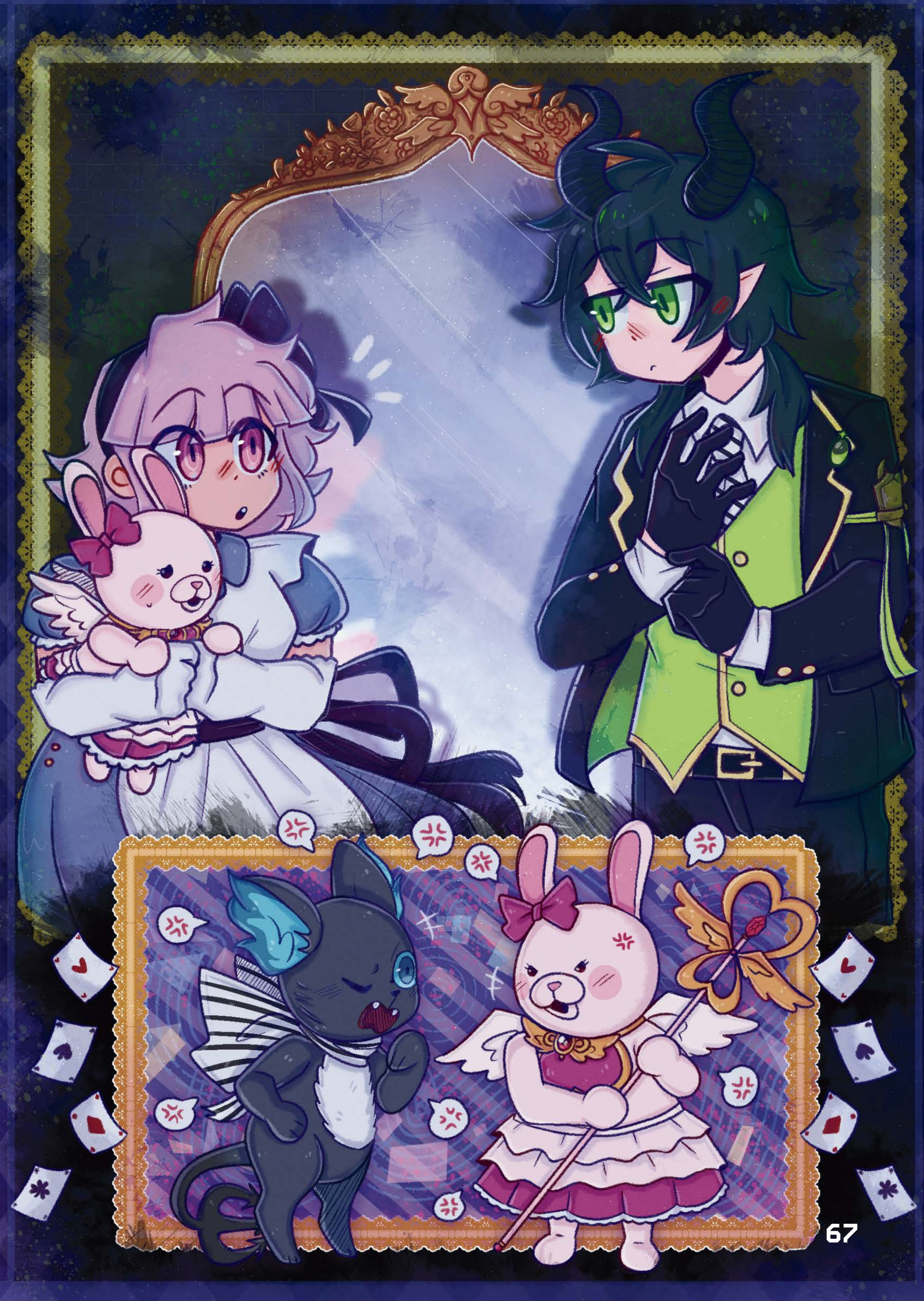
“Usami…? How did you…?”

“Ah, I see. You must be this curious creature’s friend she was so worried about…” The crowd parts around them as if to avoid the newcomer. He stands impossibly tall, with a pair of curved horns on his head. Amused, he smirks down at the three of them. His mere presence is strong enough that the shopkeeper takes one look and retreats into the back of the shop.

In contrast, Grim just seems surprised. “Tsunotaro! What’re ya doin’ here without yer posse?” he asks, tail flicking.

The man doesn’t respond. He’s looking at Chiaki, who’s looking back at him. The fear and apprehension he’s so used to isn’t anywhere on her face. In fact, she gives him a little apologetic bow and a warm, grateful smile.

“Thank you for finding her,” Chiaki says. “I looked



everywhere…"

"It was no trouble at all," he reassures her. "You two… aren't from around here, are you?"

Chiaki blinks. Huh? "Um… I've lived here my entire life… I think." Why the hesitation in her words? She keeps bringing herself back to that vision in the mirror, nostalgia and discomfort swirling in her chest. It stands there now, exactly the same as before, but all she can see is her own reflection in it, still clutching Usami tightly.

'Tsunotaro' frowns slightly, his head dipping to the side. "Hm… I suppose I must be mistaken," he muses, though he doesn't seem quite convinced.

In the distance, someone shouts something Chiaki can't quite make out. Though the horned man's expression doesn't change, he still seems to acknowledge it, as he immediately straightens back up. "I'm afraid I must cut our meeting short– I hope we'll cross paths again some time. Farewell."

He gives her that same mysterious smile and vanishes before Chiaki can say anything else. All that's left in his wake is a gathering of fireflies, illuminating the road around them.

Grim makes a noise of disgust. "Tch– that guy… always has to make a flashy exit."

The shouts grow closer as the crowd converges around them once more. Their numbers are thinning out, various shopkeepers closing up up shop for the evening. A pair of young men shove their way through their dwindling numbers, both in the uniform of Night Raven College. The taller of the two, a well-built boy with green hair, seems to be calling out for his young master.

Chiaki doesn't move, even when Grim pulls on her stockings and whines about his tuna cans. The world around her seems so far away now. She can't help but wonder if maybe this isn't where she belongs.

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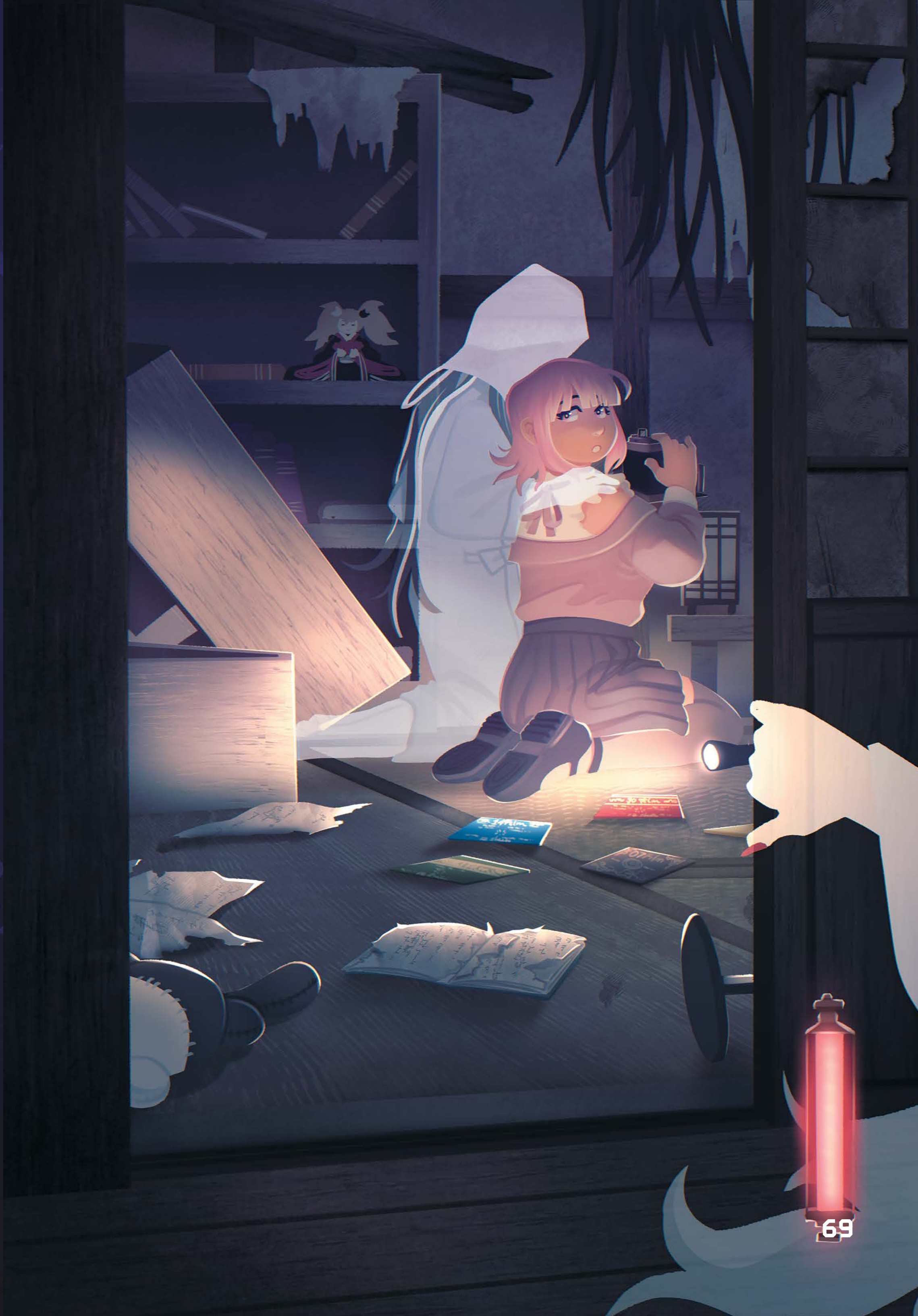
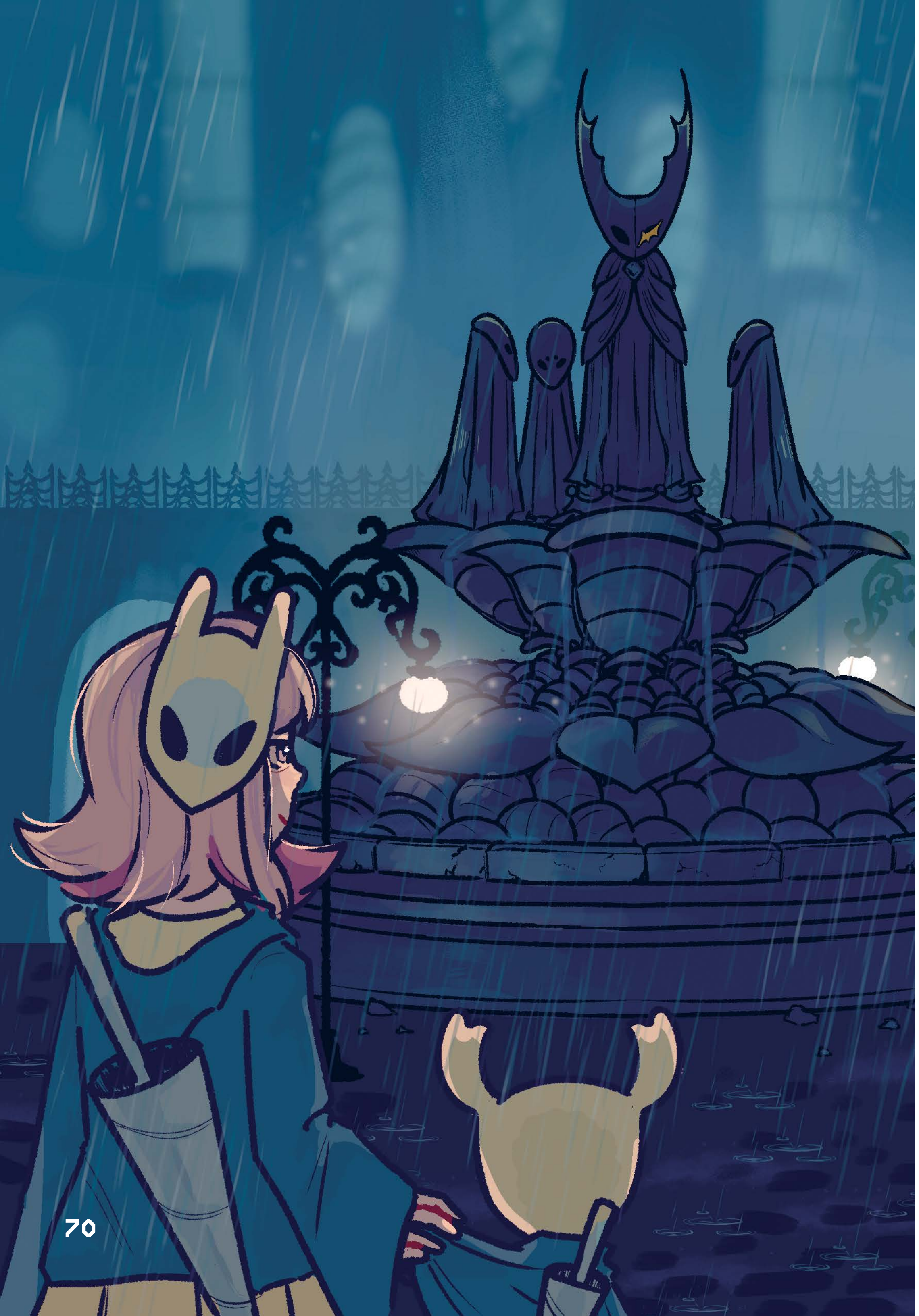
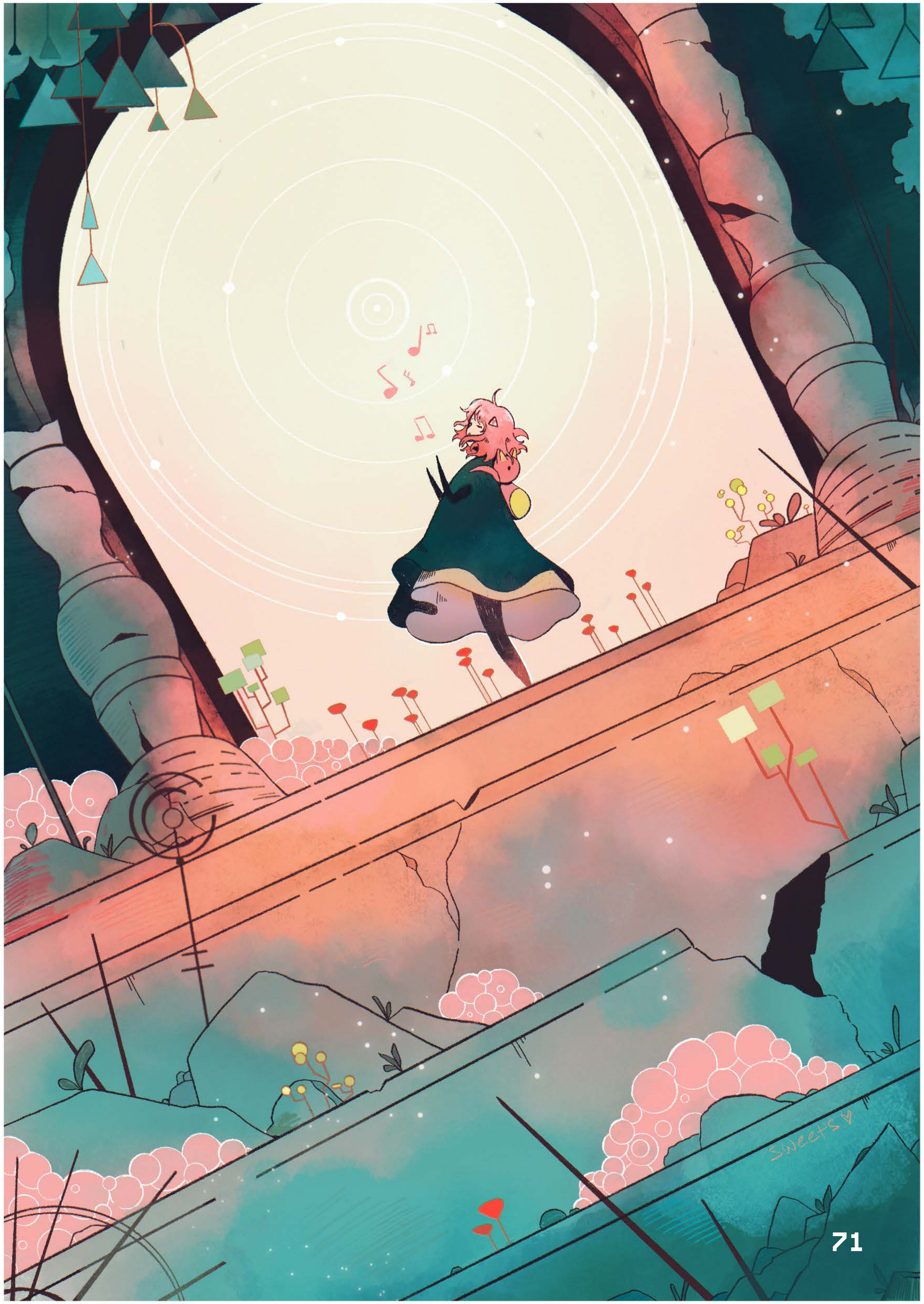





Sweets♡

2023
Serenade

ダンガンロンパ!!!

0.0% 0.0% 0.0% 0.0% 0.0% 0.0% 0.0% 0.0%

LET'S EAT!!!
Power left: 87%
Usage:
IT'S

@FLiKEFAiLURE

A RENDEVOUS WITH DESPAIR

by Tee/Cherry,
art by May

Chiaki brandishes her cane, her family legacy, softly gleaming like gold under the silent moonlight. It's the only thing outside of the gang bearing witness to their crimes. Or, well, could they even really call it a crime at this point?

After all, stealing back what's rightfully theirs should be perfectly justified in every book of law on Earth – Chiaki thinks so, at the very least.

She licks her lips once before reaching her free hand to her earpiece. For whatever reason, there's a feeling swirling around deep inside of her gut that makes her fur stand up on end. Something about how smoothly their heist went despite being in the depths of Junko Enoshima's mansion felt amiss. And for whatever reason, that only served to excite her even more.

"Chiaki..." Nagito's voice trickles through the intercom, "I know we're at the end and all, but... are you really sure about this?"

"Relax, Nagito. It'll be fine – even if it is a trap," Chiaki whispers, ignoring the sharp anxious inhale on the other end, "Just tell Hajime to be ready at the rendezvous point with the team van, alright?"

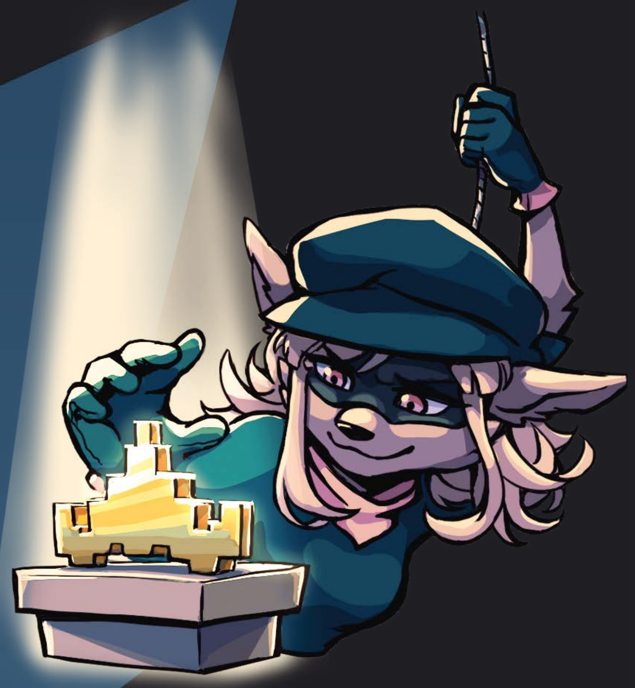
She stares back at the gold Galaga Ship emblem in front of her, reminiscent of their gang's calling card – or rather, it's the other way around. It was one of the very last things, besides the Thievius Raccoonus and the family cane, that her late father left her as inheritance, one that she managed to keep hidden from the group that broke into their home and killed her parents. In fact, it was on the very night he gave it to her.

Chiaki smiles bittersweetly as she takes a deep breath, tucking her cane into her utility belt. Inspector Akamatsu wouldn't be around to chase them down this time, but the Cooper gang heirloom was more than worth the effort.

They'd gotten the Thievius Raccoonus back some time ago, but now it was time to make Enoshima pay the price.

The green light on her wristwatch goes off; Nagito and Hajime's indication that the coast is clear.

"This is it," she breathes, giving the room a quick look around before focusing back on the plaque, "Let's get this over with."



Chiaki tugs on the end of her right glove, left holding the suspension line as she leans forward, just a breath away from the artifact. After weeks of planning, weeks of the gang piecing together a plan to figure out how to breach the fortress-like Enoshima estate, she's finally here. She can almost taste the anticipation and thrill like salt on the tip of her tongue as she reaches out towards it, except...

"Chiaki...?" Hajime's voice crackles through, "H-hold on–"

Except she already sees it as soon as she swipes it off the stand.

A booby-trapped pressure plate.

"Ah..." she swallows roughly, a nervous grin etched onto her face, "This can't be good."

As soon as the words leave her mouth, the room flashes red violently, loud, piercing sirens blaring throughout the vault– no, the mansion. Chiaki looks at the emblem in her hand, imprinting the sight of gold behind her eyelids as she steels herself and tucks it away into the fanny pack around her thigh.

"This–this wasn't part of the plan!" Nagito's voice is unsteady and anxious as the background sound of frantic typing trickles through, "You have to get out of there. Now!"

Chiaki doesn't need to think twice.

Her eyes jump from end to end until it lands on a small inconspicuous-looking silver hook above a small safe – a hook that just might work. She pulls out her cane without hesitation, swinging her body towards the edge and locking the hook of her cane with the one on the wall before leaning back towards the ground, taking a deep breath, and then finally…

She's launched into the night air, silhouetted against the great moon. The paraglider comes out with ease, feeling the cold wind whipping the tufts of her fur as she descends onto the guest house rooftop. By the twitch of her ears, she realizes that the alarms are still incessantly blaring – there's not a lot of time to surveil, knowing that Enoshima could very well be the ruthless type to not take kindly to trespassers.
Frankly, she wasn't interested in finding out more than she already knew.

Chiaki squints towards the other end of the garden, spotting the light blue of the team van and taking off in its direction once her feet touch the garden floor. Except she doesn't hear the rustling in the yew bushes.

And she doesn't anticipate the arrow that flies by her cheek, shaving off a few strands of pinkish-grey fur.

Her heart leaps into her throat, though her feet move before her mind can catch up – now isn't the time to panic and freeze up, not when she's so close. Now isn't the time to look back. And so she takes off against the firm grass, zigzagging and using her cane to get across wherever she can, even though nothing seems to shake off her assailant.

Chiaki swallows and laughs a little, tapping once on her earpiece as she scales, or rather scurries, up the wall of the mansion. "Uh, Nagito? A little help here? Maybe a little assistance to get 'em off of me? I mean you have a visual on me, right?"

"I, uh–" Nagito hesitates, "I don't. Something is jamming the signal for the RC chopper, but I-I'll think of something."

As Chiaki pulls herself up the balcony, another arrowhead sparks against the concrete inches away from her hand. Another close call.

"Better think fast, pal–"

"Okay, don't worry, don't worry, I just got a plan." He quickly interjects, "Just make it through in one piece, alright? I'll hack the security system and make sure everything is disabled; shouldn't be a proble–"

"Why, I didn't know we were having guests over today!"

Chiaki makes the mistake of freezing at the sound of a woman's voice, leaving her to be immediately apprehended with her hands locked behind her back by her attacker. Her line-of-sight whips from left to right before it finally lands on the source: Junko Enoshima. The look of glee on the other's face makes Chiaki scowl slightly, which only warps into shock when she looks over her shoulder to find…

Another Junko Enoshima.

"Surprised, are you?" Junko sneers, tail relentlessly whipping behind her – clearly, she's not in a good mood. "A lot of people are when they find out about my twin Mukuro, y'know? And I bet you and your pathetic little gang will be especially surprised to learn that it wasn't me cozily tucked into that bed while you pulled off your dumb heist!"

Junko steps forward dangerously, her crimson dress wildly lashing from the force of the rooftop wind, as Chiaki continues struggling against Mukuro's iron grip. Her voice gets low as she stands a mere few feet away, "Oh yeah, you heard me – I saw you. Not only the first time when you stole something that was rightfully mine, but also tonight!"

Chiaki bit her tongue, holding back on the objection that her gang only stole from other thieves and that Junko knew this. She knew the Cooper gang well enough, and really, she probably hated them even more for that reason.

"I saw your dumb little chauffeur hippo – what's his name, Hajime?" Junko pulls her expression into mock curiosity, "I saw him pull up in your ugly van along with that lame, disgusting, runt of a turtle that you call your brother."

Chiaki's fur bristles, anger flowing through her at her words even though the feeling doesn't usually come easily to her. But she knows better than to fall for Junko's provocation. No, she'd just have to bear it; believe in the others, trust that they'll find a way to get out of this, just like they had done every other time.

"All this to say, don't ever make the mistake of trying to one-up me; neither you, nor your self-righteous prick of a father could ever be at the same level as the Enoshimas – we're a pride, after all; things like grudges are passed down because our despair runs that deep." She smiles, although it's a twisted, almost demented curve of her lips, "Clockwerk might've been desperate to compete with the Cooper legacy, but when it comes down to it, the two–sorry, three of us are in completely different leagues." She corrected herself, ignoring the pointed glare her sister shot her way.

"After all, what's a master thief to a master hunter, or rather, a master manipulator?"

Click.

Chiaki grins, cheeky and proud, as she feels the steady vibration coming from her binocucom. The update was ready.

"Plenty capable."

If it weren't for her current predicament, she would've savoured the look of surprise on Junko's face right before a high-pitched shrill pierced the air. Immediately, Mukuro's grip loosened to smother her own ears, and Chiaki had the perfect chance within that lapse of judgement.

"All clear, partner!" Nagito's voice resonated, cool and confident for once. Chiaki didn't hesitate, grabbing her cane and taking the risky approach by slamming the curve of her cane against Mukuro's stomach, bringing her to her knees. Her vision locked onto Junko, still preoccupied with keeping the invasive noise at bay but still determined to keep an eye open.

Well, time to put those gadget purchases to good use.

Chiaki keeps her cane steady at her side, gearing up to make a break for it with her left hand digging into her fanny pack to quickly pull out–

"Mukuro!" Junko roars over the sound, hands clamped over her ears, "Get off the ground and go after her!"

Except Chiaki already has a head start once she throws the smoke bomb onto the ground, the added hiss making it even more unbearable for the twins as grey smoke fills their vision. Not only does it make them lose track of the infuriatingly sly raccoon, but it also throws off their sense of smell.

Mukuro takes off, getting away from the smoke and trusting her instincts from there. Junko fumbles out of the haze, nearly tripping and tearing up her expensive blood-red dress. She really had to admit it – she never really imagined the Cooper gang would be this much of a pain in her side.

Somehow, that irritates and thrills her all the same.

On the other end of the guesthouse, Chiaki launches herself from rooftop to rooftop, feeling the wind in her fur and adrenaline pushing her to her limits. As naturally skilled of a parkour artist as she may have been, she *really* had to lay off on the group game nights, especially if the way her knees ached were any tell. Maybe she'll have Hajime train her if they make it out of this without any real bruises.

As soon as that thought crosses her mind, however, she hears the familiar sound of footsteps behind her.

She sighs, almost annoyed at the other's persistence. Really, this was all becoming way too predictable for her tastes. No, unlike her partners, who liked to play it safe, Chiaki Nanami Cooper lived for the thrill of the hunt, which only made reaping the rewards that much sweeter. And so she smiled down at her father's emblem in her pocket, catching the moonlight in shimmery bursts of gold, just like her cane, before she lifted her head and zeroed in on her target.

The twins chased while she ran for as long as she could, focused on the other end of the mansion where her gut instinct led her – even if it meant coming face to face with a steep edge with nowhere to turn.

No more rooftops to run onto, no more walls to bound off of, and no more instinctive parkour opportunities. Only a few hundred feet of a drop and two deadly cats waiting to pounce on her. Her face scrunches up with a resigned sigh.

"...Drat."

Junko blinks twice. "Really? That's, like, all you have to say?"

She laughs, caught off guard by the casualness, "I'd expect a little more in the way of final words when it comes to someone as 'esteemed' as yourself, Miss Cooper, but hey! Different strokes, or something, right?"

Chiaki yawns audibly, though not insincerely – after all, the night had gone a little longer than anticipated with daybreak rapidly approaching, and she was not one to cut hours out of her much-needed naps. She hums and backs to the edge of the building as she peeks over the side carefully, keeping her gaze forward towards the ever-unpredictable Mukuro as much as possible, "Maybe because those aren't my last words?"

"Oh?" Junko gasps dramatically, tail swishing playfully as she leans forward, "Saying that with your back to the wall and a mercenary at your throat, huh? Well, aren't you just full of surprises!"

Chiaki smirks, giving one last glance backward – it was showtime.

"Absolutely. And don't you forget it!"

With that, she jumps off the edge of the building, plummeting several stories before launching her paraglider. In the heat of the moment, Mukuro scrambles to the edge, grabbing her spare survival knife from her bootstrap and, with all the aim and power she can muster, plunges it after the escapee.

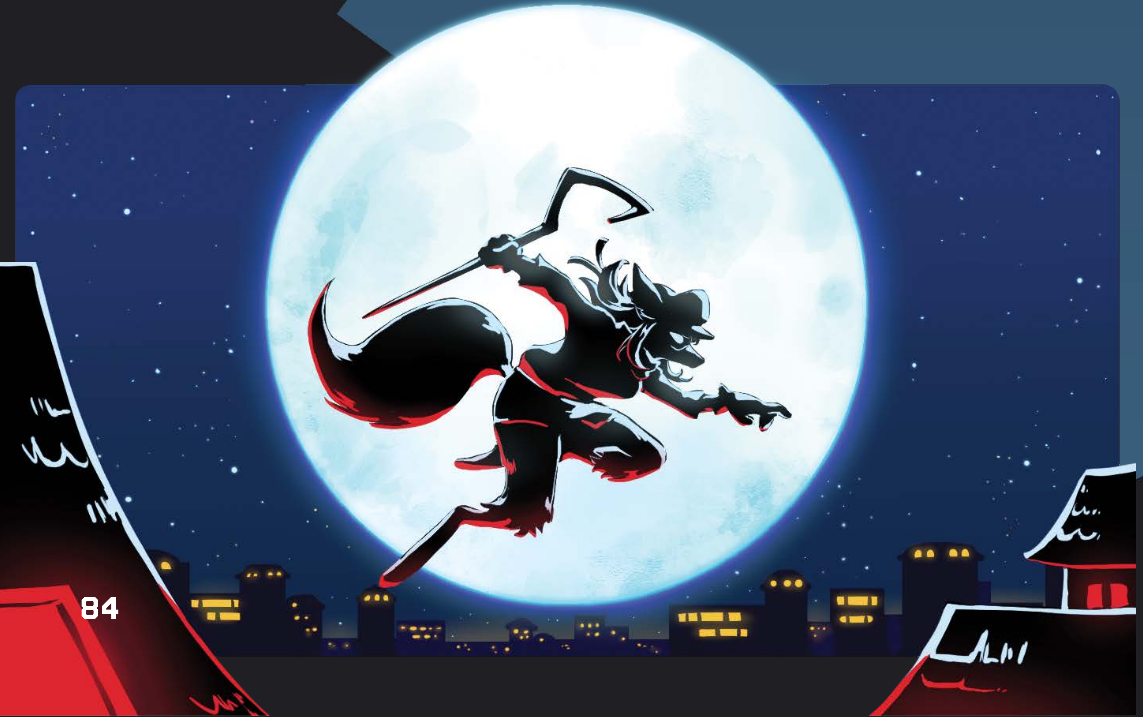
Junko quickly follows, a dizzying excitement whirling around in her chest – it'd been so long since she'd felt like this; she wouldn't miss the end of the Cooper clan for the world! And maybe, just maybe, her useless cub of a sister wasn't so useless after all.

They watch the knife follow her, seconds feeling like hours until–

Until there's a spark of metal on metal, followed by a clang as the knife uselessly clatters against the building before falling to the ground. Junko cranes her neck dangerously over the edge to get a closer look, only to see Hajime giving them a small wave over the neck of his sniper, safely tucked in the team van.

Chiaki books it as soon as her feet touch the ground, leaving the twins to fume endlessly as the gang makes their great escape. As soon as she sees Nagito and Hajime, her heart soars over the moon at not only being reunited with her brothers, but pulling off one of their biggest heists yet.

Hajime looks over his shoulder at the other two clambering into the van, watching Nagito fiddle with his wheelchair's jet afterburners while Chiaki catches her breath. He laughed, facing forward and peeking in the rear mirror, "Are we good to go?"



Without a doubt, this wouldn't be the last they'd see of the Enoshimas, but Chiaki knew without a doubt in her being, that the Cooper gang – the greatest master thieves to ever walk the planet – would be ready for anything.

Chiaki grinned brightly, "Let's punch it!"

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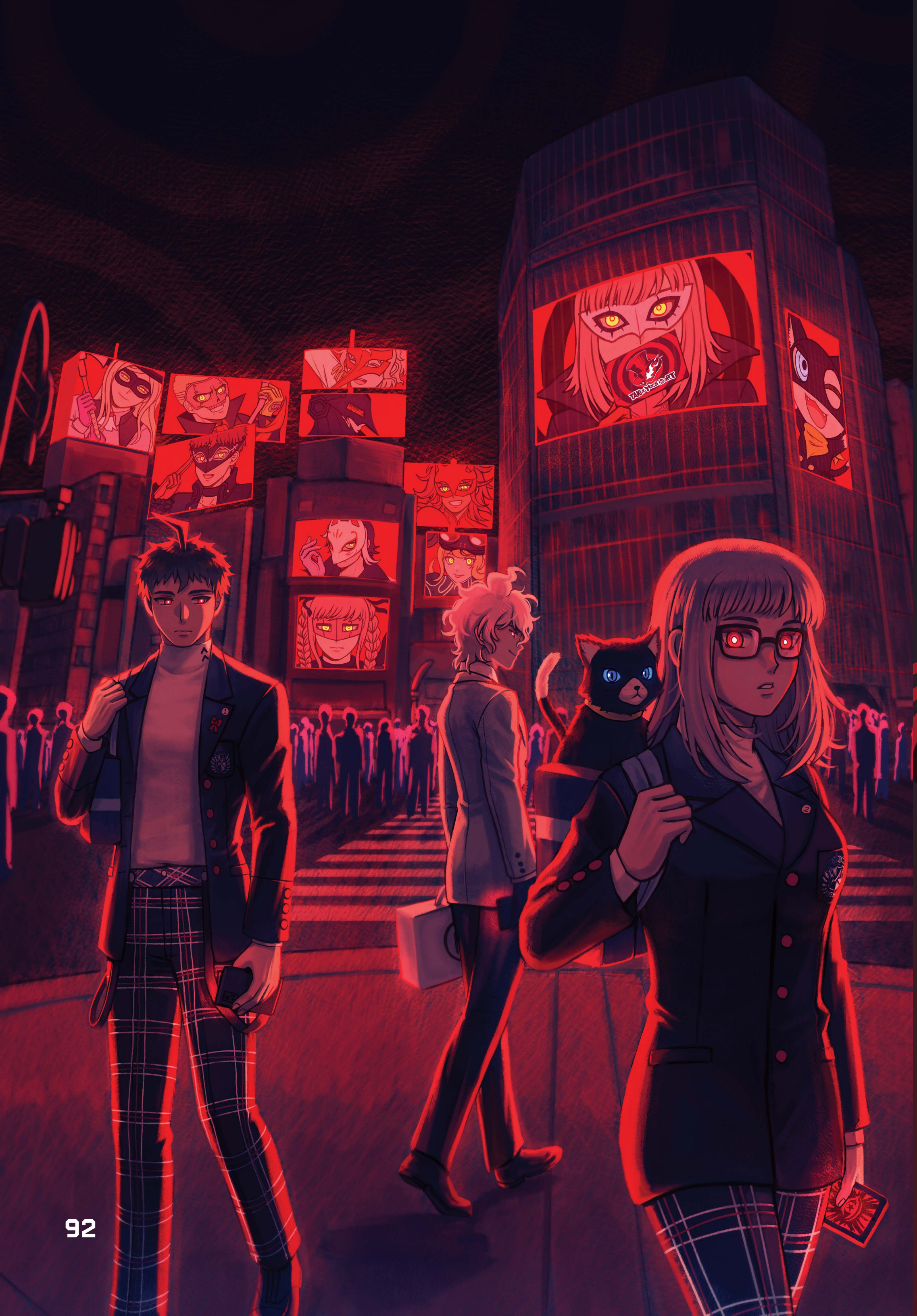


Work-Afterlife Balance

by Eli/Blue
art by Mae

"*Chiakiiiii,*" said a whiny, pleading voice. Chiaki had curled further into her blanket than usual, floating just above the floor of the corridor while shades drifted idly by. They didn't really seem to care about the deity playing video games in the hallway while they meandered; unlike Kazuichi, who was so tense he seemed to be on the verge of ripping his beanie over his gorgon head and turning it into what Chiaki thought would be a very bad scarf.

"Hang on," Chiaki replied, rapidly pushing buttons to complete her combo move. "I'm almost done."

"You said that an HOUR ago! You're not gonna trick me four times in a row!" replied Kazuichi, waspish. One of his scalp-snakes finally had enough of the rough treatment and snapped at Kazuichi's finger, making him yelp and finally let go of his poor, hole-ridden beanie. He checked the finger for blood (out of habit, probably; it wasn't like he could bleed) before glaring at Chiaki and continuing his tirade. "Get up and do your job, Chiaki!"

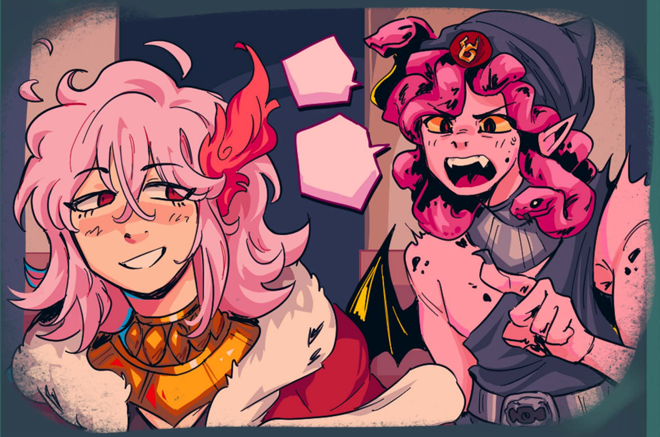
"Almost done," Chiaki repeated. Kazuichi groaned wordlessly. She could hear him walking away from her and fretting to himself before he immediately stalked back again.

"No, *no*, you aren't gonna make me leave again," Kazuichi scolded, suddenly growing a spine.

(See, it was funny because Kazuichi was pretty much the only gorgon who had one. A spine, that is -- the rest of them were just floating heads. It was an anomaly that no one decided to question or look at too closely, as long as he did his job.)

“You don’t have to leave,” Chiaki said bluntly. She finally looked away from the screen as it flashed brightly, a victory screen appearing as light pink eyes met fuschia with interest. “Do you wanna watch? Or I can teach you how to play! You’d like it, I think.”

“...I mean, yeah, sure, I can learn, but -- HEY!” Kazuichi cut himself off, his sudden outburst causing several shades to stare at him. “Hey hey hey, don’t you try to distract me with your.... your...!” Kazuichi fumbled slightly, gesturing at Chiaki violently while trying to find an accurate word. “Your *underhanded tricks*! I won’t fall for ‘em; I’m too smart for that!”



Chiaki’s head tilted to the side curiously, looking like a one-headed version of everyone’s favorite three-headed inhabitant of the House. “What do you mean?”

“I mean, you gotta stop slacking off!” Kazuichi said, his voice falling somewhere between an annoyed shout and a desperate whine. “You’re supposed to be keeping track of all the shades coming down here! You’ve got a job to do, and everyone’s all disorganized now!”

Chiaki slowly floated upwards so that she was at eye level with Kazuichi, uncrossing her legs and dangling her feet just above the ground. She leaned over and looked around Kazuichi’s shoulders, the blanket continuing to hold her afloat while she observed the line

to Hades’ desk – or, rather, the weird, elongated clump of shades that was once a line.

“That is a problem...” said Chiaki. “Okay, I understand, I think. Thanks for looking out for me, Kazuichi.”

“Looking out for *you*?” Kazuichi asked incredulously, before quickly correcting himself. “I-I mean, yeah, of course, I’d look out for you. Hades is terrifying when he’s pissed off; we couldn’t have you dealing with that.”

Chiaki blinked a couple of times, leaning back and looking up towards the ceiling in thought. “But I wanna make sure that everyone gets a chance to actually see Hades. It’d be unfair to make them wait this long only to not get a chance to talk to him, I think,” Kazuichi, who’d been used to dealing with Chiaki shrugging her job off in lieu of games or naps, stared at her in shock. He’d never seen her so serious about her job.

“I... guess so?” Kazuichi replied cautiously. Chiaki tapped her finger against her chin in thought, looking up at nothing in particular before leaning further back and letting out a loud yawn.

“I’ll sleep on it,” she announced. “And I’ll let you know if I come up with any ideas to fix the problem. Okay?”

“Wait, hey!” Kazuichi yelled. “No, not okay! We’ve got a bunch of shades waiting; it’s your job to get them moving along! You gotta figure this crap out now, cos I’m not gonna do it for you!”

There was no response. Kazuichi groaned; as the embodiment of sleep, of course Chiaki would pass out at the drop of a hat. When she said she’d sleep on it, she’d meant right now.

“Maaaaan,” Kazuichi pulled his hat further down over his head, the snakes that resided there hissing in retaliation. “I’m so dead.”

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“...sleeping on the job again, Chiaki?”

Chiaki’s eyes snapped open as she heard the new voice. Sleeping on the job was fine if Kazuichi was the one who caught her doing it, but being caught by Peko -- *the* Peko, coolest Fury in all of the afterlife -- was unacceptable. Not that Peko would tell on her; it was more that Chiaki wanted to be Peko's friend *so freaking bad.* She didn't want her to think she was slacking off.

“I'm awake!” Chiaki called out quickly, flailing as she attempted to get upright and stay upright -- hard to accomplish if your main mode of transport was a gravity-defying blanket.

“So you are,” Peko replied. She stood there with her arms crossed, sword sheathed, wing flexing behind her, her intense, Styx-colored eyes boring into Chiaki's.

Gosh, she was cool.

“Hi Peko!” Chiaki, finally upright, cheerfully greeted Peko with an animated wave. “You died again!”

“...yes,” Peko replied, clearly tense; it wasn't often that Fuyuhiko's attempts to reach Asphodel succeeded, but it was often enough that it was clearly bothering Peko. Oops. Foot in mouth.

Peko started walking away, still bristling with discontent at her recent loss. Chiaki called after her. “Peko?”

A sharp turn, and those cool, sharp eyes staring at her again. “Yes?”

“Well...” Chiaki took a moment to think about how to cheer her favorite Fury up.

Chiaki's job let her meet all kinds of shades who had died in all kinds of different ways: stabbing, bludgeoning, slicing, burning, crushing, strangling, poisoning, impaling with a thingamagig claw, and much, much more. Because of that, Chiaki knew a lot about dying. It couldn't be too hard to reverse engineer that and think of some advice about not dying, right?

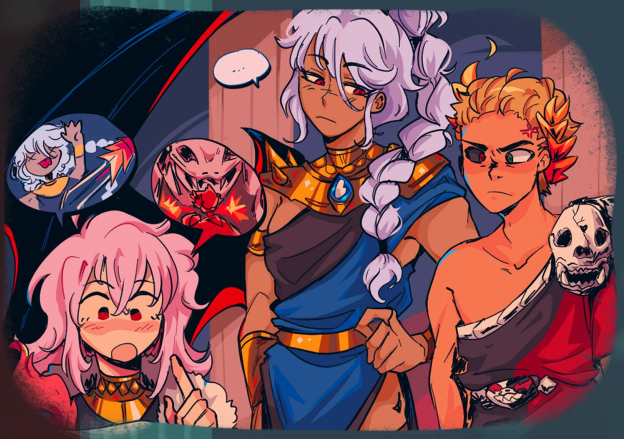
She pulled out her scroll that listed all of the guests and residents of the House of Hades and the ways in which they died. It didn't take too long for Chiaki to locate Peko's name and find her cause of death:

stabbed by Fuyuhiko of the House of Hades with Stygius, Blade of the Underworld. Chiaki grimaced at the mental image.

“Y'know,” she said, Helpfully, “I've heard people get stabbed less if they try being where the sword isn't. Maybe you can try dodging next time!”

There was a long silence after that. Peko stared at Chiaki, eyes wide and mouth agape. Chiaki gave Peko a smile in response -- it made sense that Peko had never thought of that. She was so tough; she probably didn't need to dodge people that often!

“*MOTHER FUCKER!*” Both girls jumped as loud swearing came from the end of the hall. The disorganized supposed-to-be-a-line of shades in the room had the same reaction, scattering to either side as Fuyuhiko stormed out of the River Styx, furiously flinging red water off his short, blond hair. “I was so fucking CLOSE! Next time I see that bastard Hydra, I'm going to kill it so fucking dead even Hades won't fucking know what happened to it!”



“Hi Fuyuhiko!” Chiaki waved at her friend as he approached, looking irritated. “You died again too!”

“Good to know that I was stabbed to death for nothing,” Peko snarked under her breath.

“Hey Chiaki,” Fuyuhiko replied, letting out a sigh through his nose and forcing himself to relax. “Workin' hard?”

“Yep!” Chiaki replied.

“...you were asleep when I arrived,” Peko pointed out.

“Yep!” Chiaki said again, making Fuyuhiko huff out a laugh. He looked over his shoulder at the crowd of shades failing to form a line behind him.

"Yeah, I gathered. My old man is gonna be pissed."

"I am brainstorming a solution," Chiaki announced proudly.

"Were you sleeping on it?" asked Fuyuhiko.

"Yes," said Chiaki. "That's how I brainstorm."

"And Peko was helping you brainstorm?" he asked, gesturing questioningly at the two girls.

"Chiaki was giving me… *advice*." Peko said stiffly. "She said I needed to… dodge more, when fighting you."

"*Holy shit,*" Fuyuhiko said gleefully, covering his mouth to smother his laughter. Peko glared at him.

"What?" Chiaki asked, looking back and forth between Peko and Fuyuhiko. She pouted, her cheeks puffing out slightly. "Was it bad advice?"

"No," Peko snapped. "If anything, it was a much-needed reminder." She gave Fuyuhiko a sharp look. "You'd better watch yourself the next time you're out there, Fuyuhiko. With Chiaki's… *advice* under my belt, I won't lose again."

Fuyuhiko's laughter died down at that, picking up on the gauntlet that Peko had thrown down. "You think so, huh?"

"Of course," Peko replied, crossing her arms. "I can't have you galavanting off to Asphodel without giving you a challenge."

"Bring it on," Fuyuhiko replied, giving her a confident look. "I'll take you down as many times as I gotta to get outta this hellhole."

"Good. Chiaki will be seeing a lot of you, then. I don't want my friend to get lonely during my shifts, after all."

…wait. Friend?!?

Peko had already walked away, leaving both Chiaki and Fuyuhiko stunned behind her. Gosh, Peko was so freaking cool! "Oh yeah? Well, be sure you… dodge!"

Fuyuhiko called after her, entirely too late with his comeback. "Fuck."

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Fuyuhiko ended up leaving not long after Peko did, leaving Chiaki to her own devices. Literally, to her own devices; Chiaki was once again curled up in her floating blanket, back to playing video games while the shades around her continued to ignore her existence.

Engrossed in her own little bubble, Chiaki didn't notice when the shades started to get quieter and move away. She didn't notice the sudden tension in the room, or the new presence in front of her either. It wasn't until Chiaki heard someone clearing their throat that she chanced a glance away from her game, only to find her most favorite person in the underworld: Hajime, the embodiment of Death.

"Hi, Hajime," said Chiaki, looking back at her screen with a small, excited smile.

"Hey Chiaki," replied Hajime. "New game?"

"New game plus. It's got bonus content." Chiaki quickly saved the game before setting it aside. "How's Death stuff?"

"Probably about as eventful as Sleep stuff," said Hajime, raising his eyebrow at Chiaki.

"Do people yell at you all day too?" Chiaki asked, curious.

"Well, most humans don't *want* to die," said Hajime. "They just… do."

"Then they should get better at not dying," Chiaki said sagely. "They gotta be where the death isn't."

"That… isn't how that works."

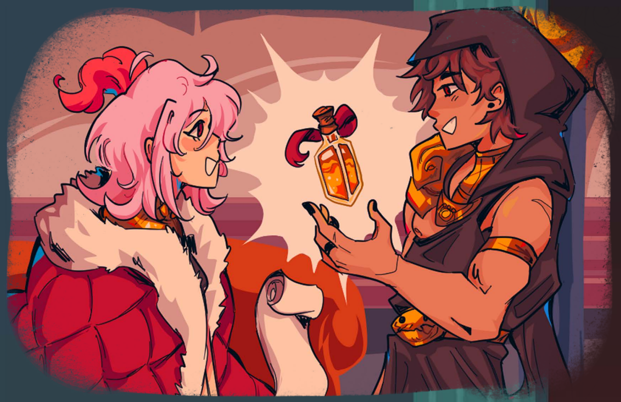
"I wish it was." Chiaki's expression shifted into something more melancholy. "Then you'd have more free time. It's not as fun when you're not here."

"Well, I'm not going to be much fun today either," said Hajime, causing Chiaki to blink up at him in confusion. "You've been slacking off again, haven't you? And don't lie to me; Kazuichi whined at me about it." When Chiaki didn't reply with anything other than an appropriately shamefaced expression, Hajime let out a heavy sigh. "I'm not mad at you, Chiaki. I'm just worried. I know you love this job, but Hades will only let you get away with so much before he fires you."

"...sorry," Chiaki mumbled, curling further into her blanket. Hajime stared at her for a moment, clearly thinking about what to say. Her blanket covered her as if it were a shell. She knew she could be doing better at her job, but everything was such a mess now, and even thinking about starting to fix it felt so... *overwhelming*. Like she was trapped in several layers of the itchest, uncomfy blankets the underworld had to offer. But she was a god, for Hades' sake; she was supposed to be able to handle anything.

"Hey," said Hajime, reaching through the hole in the blanket and poking her forehead. "How do you feel about playing a co-op game with me?"

The blanket parted slightly. "A co-op game?"



"Yeah," said Hajime, giving her a smile of his own. "I'll go to the human realm and collect the souls that need to be passed to you, and you'll get them to Hades as fast as you can. Once they're done talking to Hades, we'll get points depending on where they go. Five for Tartarus, ten for Asphodel, and twenty for Elysium."

Chiaki was out of her shell now, her eyes sparkling at the idea of getting to play with Hajime. "That sounds like fun!"

"Can you keep track of our points?" asked Hajime, and Chiaki gave him a serious nod. "Great! That way next time I'm free, we can give ourselves a reward."

"Like what?" Chiaki asked, tilting her head slightly.

"Well..." Hajime looked around before leaning closer to Chiaki, whispering conspiratorially. "Don't tell anyone, but Fuyuhiko got me some ambrosia. It'd be boring if we just shared it without a goal, though..."

"Let's do it when we get a thousand points," Chiaki said immediately, already rearing and ready to go.

"Are you sure?" said Hajime with a grin. "A thousand points would be a lot of *doing your job*."

"A thousand. Points." Chiaki repeated.

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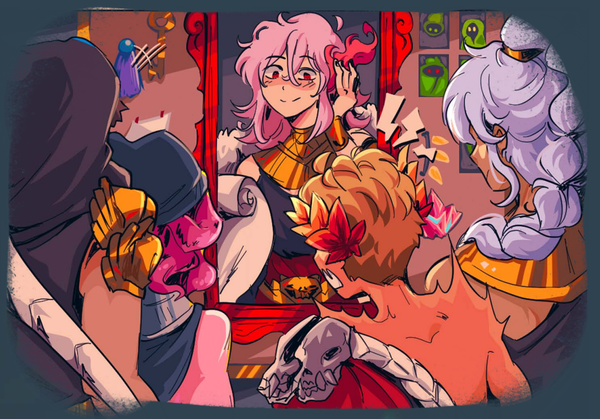
"No fucking way," said Fuyuhiko, staring at the bulletin board in the employee lounge. It was decorated with tacky stars and streamers, with the words *MOST VALUED EMPLOYEE* written on the top in big, bold letters. Underneath it was Chiaki's picture – clearly exhausted, but positively beaming with pride.



"What is it?" asked Peko behind him, before looking up at the wall herself and staring.

"Can you *believe* this?" Fuyuhiko and Peko looked next to them to see Kazuichi, clearly upset. "After everything I've done for her, she stole my spot!" "You're the one who was freaking out about her not doing her job," said Hajime, nudging Kazuichi with his elbow. "Make up your mind."

"MaKe Up YoUr MiNd," Kazuichi sassed back, only to whimper and slink away from Hajime's irritated look and hide behind Peko.

"How did you trick her into doing this?" said Peko, ignoring Kazuichi entirely.

"I didn't *trick* her," Hajime said defensively. "I just... made it a game."

"...so you tricked her into working by making her think she was being lazy?" asked Kazuichi.

"Chiaki isn't *lazy*," said Fuyuhiko. "She just needs the right motivation."

"Exactly," said Hajime. "If she's getting her work done, then it doesn't really matter what that motivation is, right?"

"I suppose not," Peko replied. "As long as she's too busy to hand out unsolicited advice, I'm alright with it."

"Yeah, that way we don't have to *dodge* any awkward questions, right Peko?" said Kazuichi, clearly having heard about Chiaki's social blunder through the grapevine. Peko retaliated by elbowing him in the gut.

Hajime looked back at Chiaki's picture while the others continued to banter, unable to help the smile on his face. It had taken a weird, winding route to get there, but Chiaki was doing her best, and Hajime couldn't be more proud.

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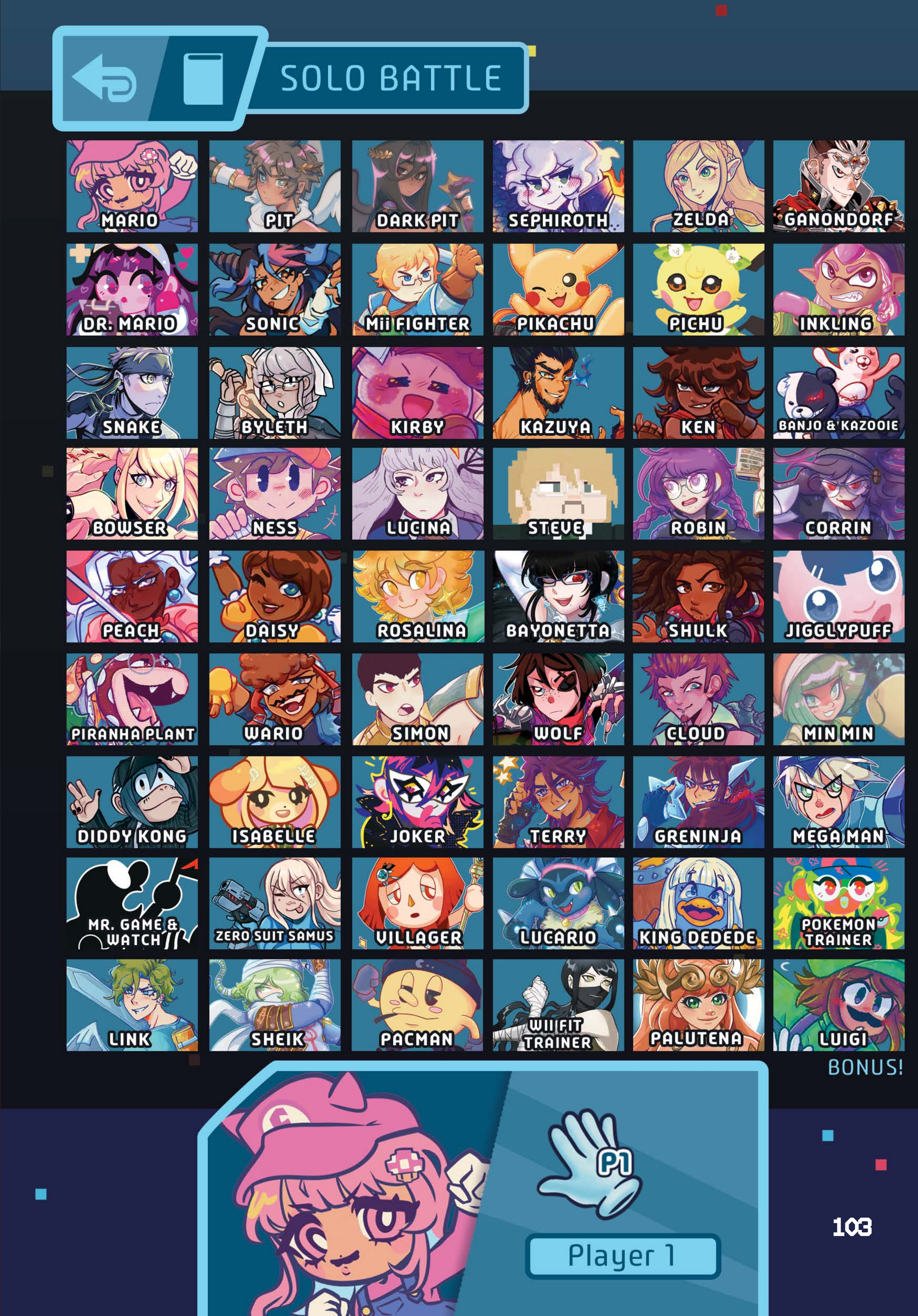
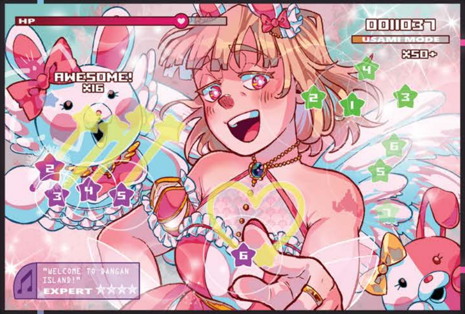

SOLO BATTLE
MARIO
PIT
DARK PIT
SEPHIROTH
ZELDA
GANONDORF
DR. MARIO
SONIC
Mii FIGHTER
PIKACHU
PICHU
INKLING
SNAKE
BYLETH
KIRBY
KAZUYA
KEN
BANJO & KAZOOIE
BOWSER
NESS
LUCINA
STEVE
ROBIN
CORRIN
PEACH
DAISY
ROSALINA
BAYONETTA
SHULK
JIGGLYPUFF
PIRANHA PLANT
WARIO
SIMON
WOLF
CLOUD
MIN MIN
DIDDY KONG
ISABELLE
JOKER
TERRY
GRENINJA
MEGA MAN
MR. GAME & WATCH
ZERO SUIT SAMUS
VILLAGER
LUCARIO
KING DEDEDE
POKEMON TRAINER
LINK
SHEIK
PACMAN
WII FIT TRAINER
PALUTENA
LUIGI
BONUS!
P1
Player 1

ITEMS

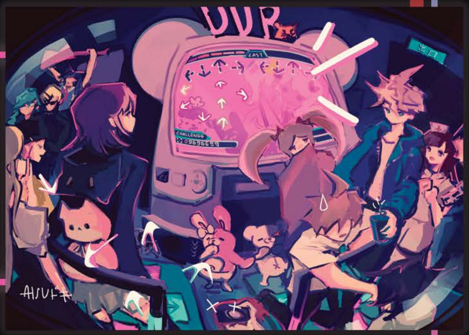

HP
0011037
USAMI MODE
x50+
AWESOME!
x16
"WELCOME TO DANGAN ISLAND!"
EXPERT

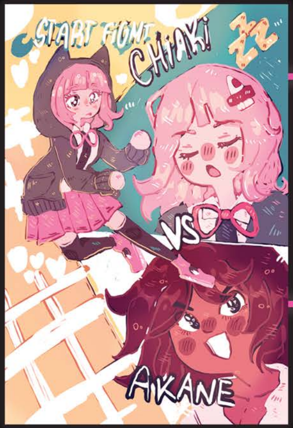
Rhythm Game Print

by Fala

Dance Dance Revolution Print

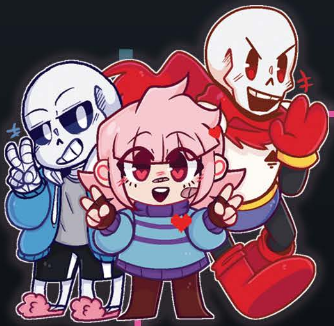
by Aisudoki

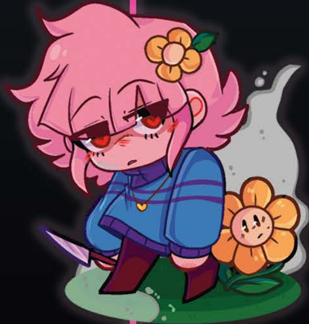



START FIGHT!
CHIAKI
VS
AKANE

Fighting Game Print

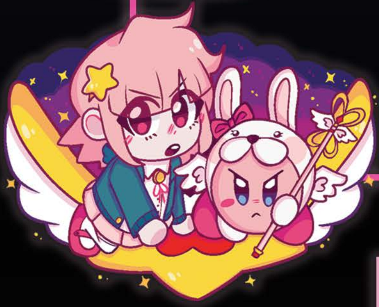
by cheddyju





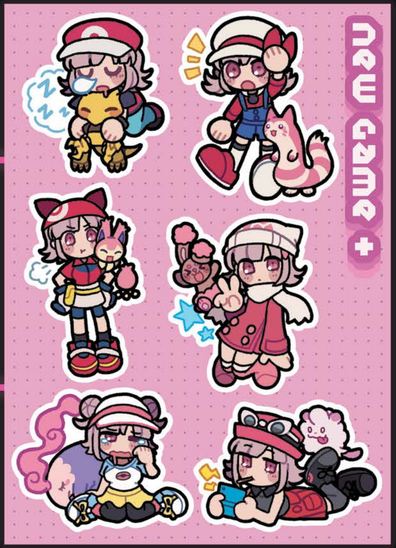
UnderTale + Kirby Stickers

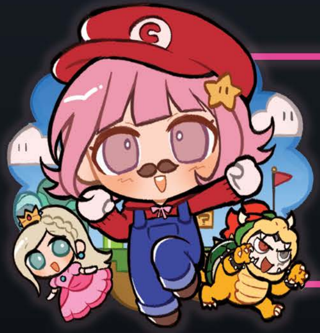
by Yagito



Pokémon Sticker Sheet

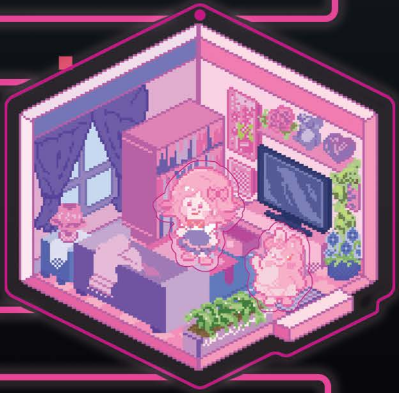
by Filth





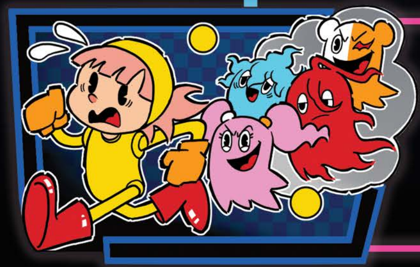
Mario Acrylic Charm

by khee



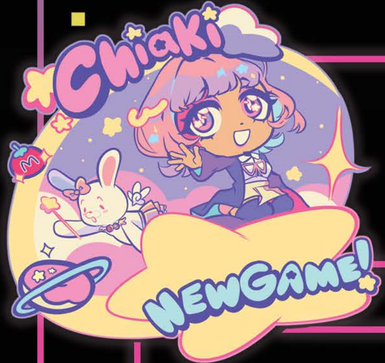
Animal Crossing Shaker Charm

by EliTanDark



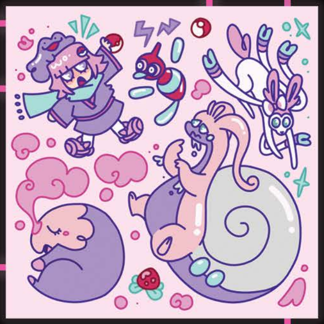
Pac-Man Acrylic Charm

by Fala



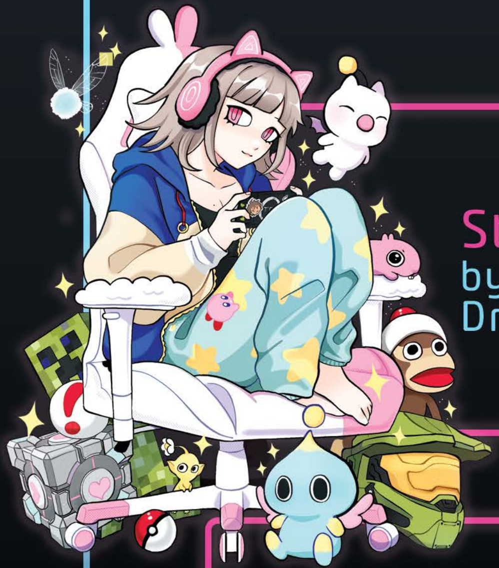
Kirby T-Shirt

by Sarah



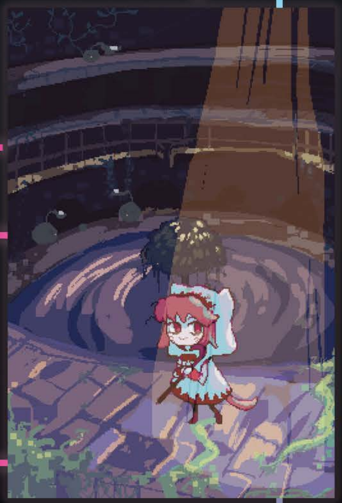
Pokémon Cloth

by Crunchy



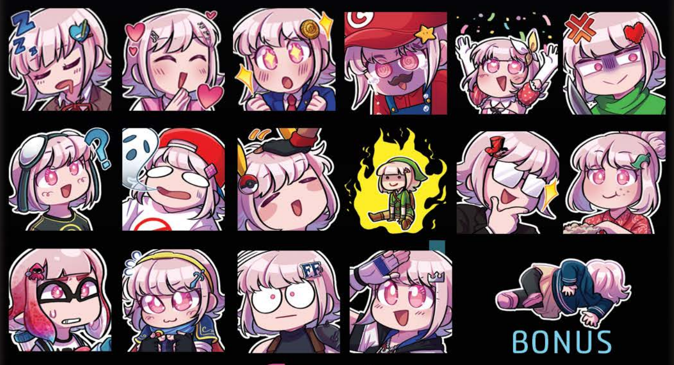
Standee

by Dreamaruu



Final Fantasy Wallpaper

by paperpoppy



Emotes

by Jai/Robin

CLOSE MENU

ARTIST
Pg. 90
Actoons
broachart

ARTIST
Pg. 38
Aida24_7
aida24_7

ARTIST
Pg. 104
Aisudoki
aisudoki
aisu.ki
kyorukki

ARTIST
Pgs. 71, 103
Amber Sweets
amber__sweets
octos-art-blog

ARTIST
Pg. 11
AriesPetal
Aries_Petal
ariespetal

WRITER
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biscuitsandspices

ARTIST
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Blueofthesunset

ARTIST
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Calitchee
calitchee

ARTIST
Pg. 104
Cheddy Ju
cheddy.ju

ARTIST
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chibigaia
chibigaia
chibigacchan
chibigaia-art

ARTIST
Pgs. 23, 103
Chloe
Literal_Trash_Giraffe
Treef_Greef

ARTIST
Pg. 106
Crunchy
CrunchyCat16

ARTIST
Pg. 107
Dreamaruu
Dreamaruu

ARTIST
Pg. 9
eeko
eekoqi

WRITER
Pgs. 93-102
Eli/Blue
blueflame91

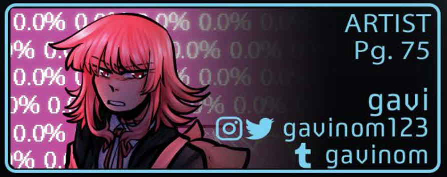
ARTIST
Pg. 106
EliTanDark
EliTanDark

ARTIST
Pg. 37
erin
ronanxing

ARTIST
Cover, Pgs. 103, 104, 106
Fala
Fala.McPasta
fala-alfredo-pasta

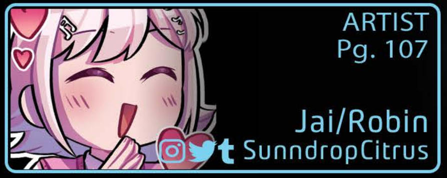
ARTIST
Pg. 105
Filth
filthsama
filthsama_

ARTIST
Pg. 77
FlikeFailure
flikefailure
timewillfail
myjeblaty


ARTIST
Pg. 75
gavi
gavinom123
gavinom

ARTIST
Pg. 76
GreenRoze
greenroze.art
greenroze2

ARTIST
Pg. 88
Haki
matchaki_
hakiscoffeeshop


ARTIST
Pg. 107
Jai/Robin
SunndropCitrus

ARTIST
Pg. 10
June
qwerkid

ARTIST
Pg. 106
khee
cactuskhee

ARTIST
Pgs. 8, 12-15, 93-102, 103
Mae
Vhsghostricks

ARTIST
Pg. 18
Max
maxiimoop

ARTIST
Pgs. 61, 78-85, 103
May
SomniMagus

ARTIST
Pgs. 60, 103
MidnighT. is DED
MidnightTisDED
charliemidnightisded

ARTIST
Pg. 69
Minh
minhtblue

ARTIST
Pg. 86
Mini
ministarfruit

WRITER
Pgs. 42-51
MxSoda
MxSoda

ARTIST
Pgs. 52-83
nastra
nastraaaaaaa
vor_pisek
monkey_prinx

WRITER
Pg. 62-68
Newt
telewarps
telewarp

ARTIST
Pgs. 22, 103
Ollie Lumby
ooliebot

ARTIST
Pg. 92
PapayaAyun
ayyunsart

ARTIST
Pg. 107
paperpoppy
paperpoppy

ARTIST
Pgs. 34-35
PXLPASTRY
pixelpastry_art
pixeipastry
pixelpastry

ARTIST
Pg. 73
Rainynie
rainynie

ARTIST
Pg. 55
Rattanwhip
rattanwhip

WRITER
Pgs. 24-31
Rose
KibaSniper
kibasniper

ARTIST
Pgs. 103, 106
Sarah
axolotllotl

ARTIST
Pg. 72
Serenade.Png
serenade.png
SerenadePng

ARTIST
Pgs. 36, 40-41, 103
SinKdraws
sinkdraws

ARTIST
Pgs. 19, 103
SoldierEl
_soldier__el
sold1erel

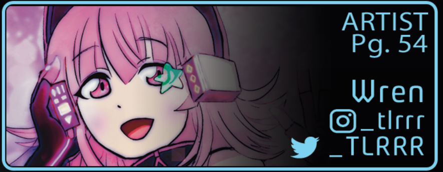
ARTIST
Pg. 89
Spooky
Skelelovely
Spookys-Graveyard

WRITER
Pgs. 79-85
Tee/Cherry
killc0mmand
one-way-dream
OceanPalace

ARTIST
Pg. 91
Trillmunch
trillmunch

ARTIST
Pgs. 58-59, 103
TwinkleLitchii
twinklelitchii

ARTIST
Pgs. 43, 45, 49, 51, 74, 103
wintermelynn
justlynnstore
wintermelynn
shadowmatcha



ARTIST
Pg. 54
Wren
_tlrrr
_TLRRR

ARTIST
Pgs. 20-21, 39, 87
xcatmo
xcatmo

ARTIST
Pgs. 32-33, 68, 103, 105
Yagito
Go_Hop_to_it
Go-Hop-to-it

MODERATORS

Jai/Robin
HEAD/GRAPHICS/ART
SunndropCitrus

Bee
ORGANIZATION
hivezines

Asteria
FINANCE/PRODUCTION
asterianyaw

Lucy
SHIPPING
alolansoleil

Rin
WRITING
Rinnyringring
rin-chan32
Rin_chan32

SinKdraws
FORMATTING/MERCH
SinKdraws

GAMES

Ace Attorney
Among Us
Animal Crossing
Club Penguin
Cooking Mama
Dance Dance Revolution
Doki Doki Literature Club!
Fatal Frame
Final Fantasy XIV
Fire Emblem: Three Houses
Five Nights At Freddy's
Genshin Impact
Gris
Hades
Hollow Knight
Kingdom Hearts
Kirby
Love Live!
Luigi's Mansion
Mario
Mario Kart
Metal Gear Rising
Miitopia
Mortal Kombat
NieR:Automata
No Straight Roads
One Shot
Pac-Man
Persona 4
Persona 5 Royal
Pikmin
Project SEKAI
Pokémon
Pole Position
Portal
Psychonauts 2
Silent Hill 3
Sly Cooper
Sonic
Splatoon
Stardew Valley
Super Smash Bros.
Terraria
The Legend of Zelda: Majora's Mask
The Sims 4
The World Ends With You
Twisted Wonderland
UnderTale
Wizard 101
Your Turn To Die
Yume Nikki
Zero Escape

GAME END

Thank you to the mods and the contributors for making this journey possible. Thank you to Kodaka for making a game series we all love. And thank you, the player, for joining us on our adventure.

Twilight Syndrome Murder Case
11037
XEOX